

Special Features This Issue

"American Star Invitational Rowing Race"
"Rowing Around the Cape" - "Saving Dolphin",
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 20

March 1, 2001



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Looking Ahead...

Jim Thayer is back with another of his "Kokopelli Rides Again" adventures; and John Scull reports on "The 1st & 2nd Annual International Salish Sea Pearl Regattas".

Robert Reddington has a catboat story for us in "The Story of Audacious"; Hugh Ware begins his Alaskan cruise serial "In the Inside Passage"; Bob Brown starts his boat delivery serial, "Over Hill, Over Dale"; and Paul Schwartz informs us that he is now "A Certified Master";

We will reprint an indepth story from a bygone issue in memory of the late "Leo Telesmanick and his Beetle Cats"; Ron Denman concludes his catboat restoration report in "Dolphin - Part 2"; and Don Elliott continues his series on "Capsize, a Study of an Adventure".

I will get at my report on 'Bicycle Boats, Then & Now'; Richard Carsen continues his discussion of "Back to Front Double Canoes" in his "Dreamboats" series; and Phil Bolger and Friends bring us "Light Dory Type V".

On the Cover...

New York city's Floating the Apple staged, in December, a re-enactment of the 1824 rowing race in that harbor between the gigs *American Star* and the British *Dart*, and Mary Nell Hawk has the story and photos for us in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In my remarks on this page back in the December 15 issue (already seemingly a long time ago) I discussed a bit my ongoing plans for messing about in boats while simultaneously messing about with bicycles in various permutations. I wrote that commentary in mid-November and since then the so-called "holiday season" intervened, disrupting normal flow of progress in our multifaceted life here. Now as I write this March 1 commentary on February 1 (press day for this issue), I can again contemplate what I'd like to be doing messing about in boats during the year now opening up ahead.

Put simply, I wish to get my trimaran rig fitted to our Seda Tango double sea kayak with the hope of sharing some summertime sailing with family and friends instead of having to go alone (which I am increasingly reluctant to do) in the old Seda Viking solo kayak. Not overly ambitious a goal in itself, but it is not "in itself", but rather sits in line with other projects of some urgency. Two of these involve the place in which we live (yeah, "fixing up the house" stuff) and Jane's greenhouse enterprise.

This old house, in which Jane and I have lived since 1954, and which I moved into as a child of seven in 1937, continues to need work. The major remaining interior rehab (there's still back entry and attic workroom rehabs waiting), the kitchen, has languished now over two years, as the considerable time to tackle all the details (I'll not load these on you here) simply didn't seem to be available. And the exterior still has 1-1/2 sides to complete, the west side still needs new second story cedar shingles to be completed, and the east side needs a total overhaul, new shingles aloft and clapboards below.

At least these projects, like my boats and bikes, can wait a while yet, it is the greenhouses which have now taken priority, as their schedule is to be started up and running early in February. The main 28' x 48' greenhouse needs its annual maintenance. The former greenhouse, a 15' x 30' shed type on the barn's south side, is to be rehabbed, after several inactive years, for more useable space this year to meet the needs of Jane's expanded growing plans. And to further serve this expansion, a new basic 12' x 32" simple metal hoop/plastic covered house had to be constructed down back of the barn for "hardening off" the increased inventory. All this marches to an in-

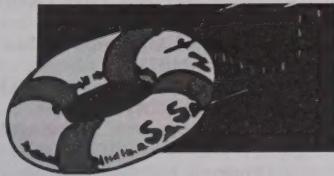
exorable schedule of main greenhouse startup in February, expansion into the rehabbed house in March and into the hardening off house in April, for a May 1 opening to the public through July 4.

Of course, getting out the magazine still has top priority on my time (about 30 hours a week) as it supports us. The greenhouse is a hobby business, Jane enjoys it and it brings in some income to add to our "retirement" years' finances. Fixing the house is just something that needs to be done. So how can I even dream of doing what I want to do with my boats and bikes?

Well, dreaming is about all I can do presently, when the greenhouse expansion plans were brought forth last fall I stopped working on the bicycle projects (we continued to do some riding) and devoted most of my "discretionary time" to these. They HAVE to be done by March so the light is in sight now at the end of that particular tunnel. Next up is that kitchen. By then outdoor season is arriving, bikes and boats time. Then we will have to deal with the division of the available time.

Once long ago I could get up at 6am, work all day earning a living, come home to supper, and then spend the evening into the wee hours on my avocations and chores, and keep on going. No more, now my day starts at 5am and pretty much runs out of gas at 6pm, after supper I read until I nod off. No more heading for the shop for the evening, just no fuel left in my tanks. I don't begrudge this loss of drive with the years as I am otherwise feeling just fine, with no health problems at all. Going on like this seven days a week is still manageable without overt exhaustion.

But, it would be kinda nice to just play with my toys more when the spirit moves me, and not wait until all the other stuff is done first. Yes, I know, this is the life most of you lead also, I'm hardly unique. I thought you ought to know this because sometimes you might wonder why the editor isn't out there more messing about with his boats (and, nowadays, those bicycles too). When one is younger things can be put off with some vague assurance that later on, "someday", one can get back to them. No more for me, as I've said before, the end has now hove into view up ahead there and I am acutely aware of time running out. Gotta figure out how to fit all I still want to do into that remaining time.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

A Reader Asks: What Does "No Wake" Mean?

I have been a subscriber for a number of years and have always enjoyed the Small Boat Safety column by Tom Shaw. In a recent issue he stated, "It is his/her job to know what is required on board just as it is his/her job to know the rules of the road and what a "No Wake" zone means. My assumption, possibly erroneous, is that Tom Shaw knows what a "No Wake" zone means. It would be a tremendous help to me and possibly some of your other readers if he would explain it to us.

Looking "wake" up in a dictionary the only applicable definition seems to be "the track left by a moving body (as a ship) in a fluid (as water)". If the moving body is a canoe or kayak being paddled slowly it still, by the above definition, leaves a wake. A 42' sport fisherman running at 9 or 10 knots also leaves a wake. Given the above, my initial conclusion is that "No Wake" must really mean that no boats or ships are allowed. That conclusion must be wrong because many of the "No Wake" signs are posted in the vicinity of businesses that appear to cater to the boating public.

So where does that leave us? "No Wake" does not mean no wake and it does not mean no boats, but what does it mean? Perhaps it means no wakes bigger than some unspecified size? I sure hope Tom Shaw can tell us, as well as provide us with a way to measure

the size. Also we have the problem that the size of the wave created by a moving boat varies with the depth. A small wave in the channel may get much higher when it reaches the shallows on either side.

In a more serious vein I am well aware that the master of a vessel is responsible for any damage done by that vessel's wake. I have been messing about in boats for about 65 years, passed the initial Power Squadron course in 1945, and numerous Power Squadron and Coast Guard Auxiliary courses in the 1960s as well as teaching in both organizations. I also hold an unlimited Coast Guard license, any tonnage, any ocean, but "No Wake" signs have always struck me as ridiculous.

There is a secondary problem with some folks who use small boats in that they don't seem to understand the physics of wavemaking related to the speed and length of a boat. I have been hollered at several times to "watch your wake" and "slow down" when traveling about 4 knots in a 40' motor sailor which is double ended at the waterline. At that "speed" the wake is less than 1" in height as measured on fixed pilings or channel markers in the vicinity. An 11' Boston Whaler at that same speed would leave a far more substantial wake.

Whitey Thayer, Edgewater, MD

My Understanding Is...

While I cannot give you the official Coast Guard response, I'll share my understanding which, I suspect, is very much the same as yours.

Of course you are correct that no vessel from canoe on up can move without creating a wake so a "No Wake" zone is impossible unless there is no boat traffic. I have always understood a "No Wake" sign to mean no excessive wake. (Think of the paint we have saved).

As you point out, the wake of a vessel is not directly related to its speed but also and perhaps more to its hull configuration. It would be nice, indeed, if we could follow highway practice and put up a miles per hour sign, nice but useless. You are totally correct, some folks in small boats have no understanding of the physics involved.

My personal understanding is that I am creating an improper wake if I have created the potential for a boat to be damaged by be-

ing banged against docks or pilings or so rocked at anchor that there is a potential for upsetting hot liquids on a stove or the stove itself. It is, as I see it, a judgment call, one I never had to be concerned with in my sailing days (hull configuration and slow speed) but of which, as a power boater I must constantly be aware.

A final personal comment: When you and I started boating it was as crew or deckhand on any boat on which we could get a ride. Most of us were not taught "Boating Skills and Seamanship" but learned as we went along. If we did not learn we did not get another ride. Today's new boater is more apt to go to the showroom, put down a deposit on a couple of hundred horsepower and take off. We in the Coast Guard Auxiliary do all that we can to make them safer skippers. It's a challenge and it's fun.

Tom Shaw

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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hq@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org> Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436. (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeshop of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.

Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 903-4284, www.chesapeakeboatsbayou.ckt1.com.

CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145. (215) 755-2400. <pwb@libertynet.org>

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.

Schooner Sultan Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-6461.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827,

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2001

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

In 2001, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

(802) 586-7711.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Ctr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest.)

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.

Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.

Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald @juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089

Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712)332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O.Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.

Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.

James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawberry Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.

Model Guild of the Ventura Cty Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035 (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster @aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.

American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wells Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430. <wmpile@excite.com> <www.capecod.net/sqtg/nebcba>

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgoss@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.

New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Seabago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>

Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York,

NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT .

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention...

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsboro, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave.,

Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.tscas.net/puget/>.

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: <http://www.tscas.net/>.

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820. (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsname@aol.com>

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Small Wooden Boat Assoc. of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

Adventures & Experiences...

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Hull Snow Row, 2001...

Snow Row, 2001 will take place at 2:30 pm, Saturday, March 3 at the Hull Lifesaving Museum Boathouse, at Windmill Point, Hull, Massachusetts. Prize categories will include Work Boats, Livery Boats, Coxed Boats, Ocean Kayaks and Ocean Shells.

The Snow Row's start is Le Mans-style off the beach. All coxed boats will be required to start bow on the beach. Coxed boats will be assigned beaching sites by the race organizers. All boats will be required to carry winter racing equipment PFDs, bailing buckets, and whistles. A word of caution to ocean shell rowers; The Snow Row has proven to be a severe test for low freeboard, outriggered rowing boats. This is not a novice race.

For further information call Ed McCabe at (781) 925-5433, or check website at www.bostonharborheritage.org.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA

...and a New Exhibit

"Small Boats: The Collections of the Museum and its Members", opening in February will feature a fascinating, rarely seen assortment of the museum's small craft, and those of some of our members who boast an even broader and more interesting range of small boats. This exhibit was developed through late summer and fall of 2000, and will run through the year. We anticipate that the display will be continually changing, and loans of privately owned boats may be of whatever term donors choose.

Historically, small boats have been at the heart of shore-based life-saving operations. The museum's program boats, used year-round in Boston Harbor, include 32' pilot gigs, 38' Bantry Bay gigs, 26' Whitehall fours, 28' barges, comprising one of the most eclectic and well-used collections of large rowing boats in the world.

Snow rowers are invited to come see this exhibit (with free museum admission after the race).

Hull Lifesaving Museum, P.O. Box 221, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433, <hulmuse@channell.com>, www.bostonharborheritage.org

2001 Depoe Bay Classic Wooden Boat Show/Crab Feed

We are beginning preparations for the 2001 Depoe Bay Classic Wooden Boat Show to be held April 28 and 29. We had a tremendous show last year with about 44 boats (See September 1, 2000 issue). Interested readers can view portions of the show on the internet at (www.boat-links.com).

Exhibited boats can be moored and shown in the water or placed on trailers at the

harbor seawall parking lot. We plan short presentations by exhibitors who enjoy sharing their expertise and experience. Exhibitors can enjoy the challenge of going from our "smallest harbor in the world" into the ocean and back as did some exhibitors last year.

The Depoe Bay Challenge Rowing Races will take place again in the harbor with the possibility of ocean races if conditions permit. Last year we held the first races and they were a lot of fun with good participation by a wide spectrum of rowers including two levels of youth races and an adult race.

Again this year there will be no entry fee. Readers wishing to learn more please call Jack or Maggie Brown at (541) 765-2633 or e-mail; mjbrown@netbridge.net.

Depoe Bay Chamber of Commerce, Depoe Bay, OR

Ed Monk Scholarship Fund

The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, WA announces the establishment of the Ed Monk Scholarship Fund to provide educational opportunities for professionals working in traditional maritime trades. The mission of the award is to further maritime professionals' knowledge of traditional marine trades in other cultures. Study and research may include current and historical methods of boat construction using different materials and designs based on the functions to be served by the boats, materials available for construction and the state of technology.

CWB is seeking applications from qualified persons. Applications are due on or before March 15, 2001. The applicant should explain how the project will enrich the existing knowledge of the applicant and how the funds would be used. The budget for the grant may include transportation, housing, and other appropriate expenses. Also required is the background of the applicant in traditional marine trades and a list of references. Decisions by the application committee will be made no earlier than April 15, and no later than May 15. Funds granted must be used within one year of the award. A written report of the activities and benefit derived from the experience must be submitted to CWB.

Grants awarded in the first year will total \$1,500. The Award was named to honor Ed Monk, a prominent and respected boat designer and builder in the Northwest. The Fund was established by John M. Goodfellow who has participated in the hands-on history activities at The Center for Wooden Boats. He is an advocate of preserving traditional maritime skills and wishes to encourage this through studies of those traditional skills being carried on beyond the applicants' local regions and local knowledge. Applicants can be from any locality, who wish to study indigenous materials and techniques of other areas. For more information, contact Dick Wagner at (206) 382-2628.

The Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley S., Seattle, WA 98109-4468

Adventures in My Mallard/Escapade Pedal Boat

I've had some wild rides in my Mallard/Escapade, head on crashing thru waves with the sheet of white water roofing over the nose and top. A lot of it ends up splashing with a thud into the back of the boat like a huge bucketful dumped from the heavens, soon swirling around, but I'm not dealing with that. It's the loss of surface on the other side of the wave that can drop out and send me jolting into the trough and wondering if I still have all my teeth. And then of course there's the next wave. I begin to wonder if maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

I've also surfed my old Mallard down along the side of breaking four footers, once as a passenger. It's a very strange sight to see fish in the water curling up more or less vertically to the side of the boat and like, right there! Seeing the sunlight shining thru the wave is memorable.

There's the mogul type situation that's fun and can be heart stopping. The Vinoy Basin, where I have my rental operation, is so defined by two moles, or points, that separate it, or enclose it, from Tampa Bay. When we have an east wind the waves bounce off the seawalls into the Bay at an angle, combining these with the confusion of the opening which allows those waves to pass on thru, the washing machine type dollops of water can get quite high about 30 yards from the opening.

Yachtsmen coming in off Tampa Bay who are tired of whatever they've been dealing with out there are tempered one more time by the gauntlet they have to run to get in the Basin. It's like it's a final test of nerves. I think too that it keeps some sailors in who look out the pass and see those waves and think, gee, I can't go out in that, when in fact it's a fine day to be messing about. I've even gone out in these conditions at night, which is incredible because I can't see what's coming from any of the 360 degrees that it can getcha.

Curt Chambers read an article about one of my storm experiences in my Mallard, which prompted him to write. He wanted to know where he could get such a boat and that he'd like to make such a boat. The rest is history (see MAIB, July 1, 2000).

Nancy Sanford, Vinoy Boat Basin, St. Petersburg, FL

Information of Interest...

Leo's Gone

After seeing your great coverage of our New England Beetle Cat Boat Association and its Leo Telesmanick Championship in the January 15 issue, I am saddened to have to report that Leo died on January 10 at age 85.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA

Editor Comments: Several readers informed us of Leo's passing. In an upcoming issue we will reprint a full feature article about Leo and the Beetle Cats from a 1993 issue.

Going Solo

Going Solo is a loose organization for those of us who enjoy solitude and solo journeys on the water by paddle or oar, open to anyone who has traveled solo for more than two weeks.

Have you ever felt misunderstood by friends, family, loved ones? Are you curious about who else travels this way? Would you like to share and compare methods, stories and good food with others like yourself? Would you like those you love to know you are not the only nut who does this? Would you like to get together once a year and tell lies, laugh, show slides, exchange stories with other solo travelers?

If so, then join Going Solo today. For more information, write: Going Solo, c/o Robert Perkins, 18 Hawthorn St., Cambridge, MA 02138



Oregon Opposition to 2-Stroke Motors

Here is the text of a flyer that SCOW volunteers recently handed out at the Portland (OR) Boat Show. We handed out over 400 in two hours. Local TV interviewed us and helped spread our anti- 2-stroke message:

Jetski & 2-Stroke Fact Sheet

Prepared by SCOW (Skippers for Clean Oregon Waters)

Jetskis (Personal Water Craft or PWC) and 2-stroke outboard engines are responsible for emitting over 3 million gallons of gasoline and oil into Oregon waters every year. (110,000 outboards and jetskis in Oregon x 26 boating days/year emitting 25% of 5 gallons/trip = 3,575,000 gallons).

2-stroke emissions in the water damage fish and fish habitat.

2-stroke emissions in the air are a significant contributor to smog.

A big 2-stroke outboard makes more smog in a single day than a car driven 50,000 miles. (California Air Resources Board conclusion is that outboards emit approximately half the smog of PWCs).

Jetskis, because of the way they are used and their higher horsepower, create even more smog per day, the equivalent of driving a car 100,000 miles in one day of play. (California Air Resources '98 data comparing 100hp PWC used 7 hours to '98 passenger car).

Cleaner burning 4-stroke engines, with better fuel economy, have existed as a better alternative for as long as 2-stroke engines. They are moderately heavier and more expensive to the consumer but pollute 20 to 40 times less. The slightly higher purchase price pays for itself many times over in fuel savings.

Jetskis and 2-stroke engines are banned in areas of California and Washington State. Should Oregon be next?

Help us keep 2-strokes out of Oregon's Water

Sources: Oregon State Marine Board, www.marinebd.osmb.state.or.us. Oregon DEQ, www.deq.state.or.us. Bluewater Network, www.earthisland.org/bw/. California Air Resources Board, www.arb.ca.gov/msprog/marine/marine/htm.

Dan Pence, Portland, OR

Information Needed...

Plans for Sampans

I have a half dozen canoes for racing and recreation but I have developed an interest in building a sampan first and later on a junk and am looking for sources of plans for them. I enjoy coastal fishing and camping on the bays and estuaries of south central Texas.

Gib Hafernick, 1983 Oakwell Farms #108, San Antonio, TX 78218, <gibguy@compuserve.com>

Helmut's Inquiry

I responded to Helmut Zysk's inquiry on the December 15 "You write to us about..." pages about a boat in which he was interested but my letter was returned marked "Not deliverable as addressed". Perhaps Helmut will see this note.

I suggested that the boat he pictured was a Little River Marine Heritage and included an illustrated brochure. Little River Marine is located at P.O. Box 986, Gainesville, FL 32602, (800) 247-4591, <litlrvr@gnv.fdt.net>, www.littlerivermarine.com

Paul Lubarski, Severna Park, MD

Opinions...



Mea Culpa

I recently received a phone call from a lady haranguing me in a language that sounded a lot like English about my letter in the January 1 issue offering my objection to a Bolger boat design (Double Eagle, October 15 & November 1, 2000 issues). The crux (in her view) was that the boat in question, a large sailing catamaran, was not destined for Alaska, as I mistakenly thought, but Florida. For whatever reason she was very eager that I write you a mea culpa, which I offer herewith.

The crux (in my view) was that the auxiliary power, two small outboards hanging from a center bracket, is ineffective except in calm water. What followed was a rather rambling and inconclusive argument about whether or not auxiliary power necessarily had to be more than a means of getting the vessel from the mooring to waters open enough to sail on.

I'll spare you the details except to say that maybe I made Ms. Altenberger aware of a weather phenomenon common to Alaska but apparently unknown around Cape Ann called the williwaw, in which winds of hurricane force hit "protected" anchorages. Therefore, to operate safely in these waters vessels should have heavy ground tackle and, unless they are very small, power anchor winches to pull the anchors and engines sufficiently powerful to prevail.

The conversation was fun, she's a bright and knowledgeable lady.

Renn Tolman, Homer, AK

Where is Tom Coming From?

I have been a subscriber to MAIB for many years. You have many wonderful contributors and I have always been anxious for the magazine to arrive in the mail. But in the January 1, 2001 issue, I was very disappointed in Tom McGrath's latest which no longer fits into the humor category! Not only the title is disgusting, the third paragraph which attacks small country churches in New England and calls some of the denominations "illegitimate orphans of Christianity", makes me wonder where he is coming from?

I happen to attend a small country church and for one thing, I don't hear the kind of language Tom uses. I also have three friends who are pastors in local churches. One of these pastors is my next door neighbor who has a church of a different denomination than the one that I attend. The common thread of these churches that I am familiar with is that they preach the gospel! I could go on but I will leave it at that. Tom needs some soul searching! Nuff said.

David P. Doane, Wolfeboro, NH

The Case for Racing

I enjoyed "The Case for Racing" by Sam Chapin in the January 15 issue, it brought back vivid memories of sailing my father's bugeye *Gypsy* (ex-*Maggie E. Smith*) on the lower Chesapeake when I was a kid growing up on the water, 1929-38. Following that came another boat, bugeye-rigged (or 3-sail bateau as they say on the Bay), deadrise and square sterned.

The case for racing didn't come up for me until I started teaching sailing in the summers (20 of them) while teaching art in high school in the winters. Billy (I'll leave out his name) was in my Junior program and was an avid racer. He extolled the virtues of racing and belittled "just sailing" at every jibe or coming about.

One day I borrowed one of the Penguins and raced with them for the fun of it. I beat Billy in that race and casually commented that I'd never raced much really, but "just sailed", for many years on different sailboats. I likened it to a pilot putting in flying time. When sailing you're "racing" against the tide, the clock (to get home for supper on time), learning about light airs and heavy airs, cat's paws, wind shifts, etc.

I wasn't bragging (I hope) but only pointing out that "just sailing" really helped me gain an understanding of the combination of weather, tides, the particular boat, how to set a course by eye without running aground on a known sandbar, or getting swept into strong currents in a main ship channel.

Charlie Hewins, Philadelphia, PA

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What Were You Thinking?



Kenneth Robert Spring

What Were You Thinking?

By Kenneth Robert Spring
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Reviewed by Bob Hicks

The title of this collection of boating reminiscences is what author Kenneth Spring's mother used to ask when he'd return from yet another youthful misadventure afloat, and the first three of the fifteen nostalgia trips in the 100 page book chronicles some of these: "Gunboat Diplomacy Fails in Buzzards Bay", "Pushing the Stone" and "Gar Wood Revisited". The fourth vignette is entitled "Are Those Fish Fresh?" and this serves as warning that from now on it's all fish stories. From the fifth tale, "Following the Rules", onward, childhood and its fascinating adventures (which many of us can recall in our own lives) is left behind.

I'm not interested at all in fishing, but I read the rest of the book at one sitting, as Spring is an engaging writer and the stories, while focussed on fish, fishing and fishermen with all their idiosyncrasies, are entertaining. I do suggest though that you'd best be interested in fishing as well as boating to gain the most pleasure from this book.

Spring's mother, that woman who always was asking that question which entitles the book, is brought forcefully forward in "Pushing the Stone" a chronicling of the family experiences during Hurricane Carol in 1954 when the Springs lived in Onset, Massachusetts at the head of Buzzards Bay. Hurricane Carol drove an enormous tidal crest up the ever shallower and narrower bay and flooded their home. Father was away and mother was left with the kids to deal with this. Author Spring's best writing occurs right here as his mother and his brother and he face the flooding and trashing of their home alone:



Book Reviews

Two recently received review copies that turned up in our mail are small volumes which both hark back to "those good old days", "lost in the '50s (or '40s). Not that long ago to me, nor to the authors of these two books, but definitely a time when things were different, when today's ostentatious affluence of the middle class was not in our faces and whatever had to be done we did ourselves.

Kenneth Spring's *What Were You Thinking* is a collection of 15 vignettes recalling how an early youth infatuated with small boating led to a lifetime of small boating as a means for fishing for pleasure. Capt. Tom Morse's *All My Girls* is a recollection of eight loves in his life, all boats.

"My mother had often quoted banal sayings such as, "A winner never quits, a quitter never wins." Throughout our development we endured this litany, although the words flowed over us and dribbled away without sinking in. Now we saw that she was serious about her philosophy. She responded to the challenge with a vengeance. We were expected to unflinchingly do the same. It was made abundantly clear to us that this was no time for silliness or slacking off. As I look back on that period, I realize that my brother and I matured a lot in a couple of days. This little woman was made of sterner stuff than we had ever imagined. We endeavored to measure up to her standards."

Spring concludes this vignette with a final acknowledgement of his mother's resolution in the face of adversity:

"As I look back on that time period, I recognize that I learned everything I know about determination and fortitude in those few days. My mother, not some movie cowboy, was the toughest person I could imagine. Now as she lays in a nursing home bed, I can close my eyes and see that woman resolutely dealing with whatever life presents."

Perhaps I was moved the most by these passages because in the house next door my 99 year old mother lies bedridden under my sisters' care, her mind confused but her body soldiering on because she still thinks she has responsibilities she has to carry out for her family, family responsibilities she first assumed during the ravages of the Great Depression. Spring's eloquent appreciation for his mother's influence on his life grabbed me right where I live.

ALL MY GIRLS
BY CAPT. TOM



A TRICK AT THE WHEEL ON THE ROSEWAY

All My Girls

By Capt. Tom
Paperback 5-1/2" x 8-1/2", 44 Pgs
Self Published
Dogtown Books
2 Duncan st. Gloucester, MA 01930
(978) 281-5599, <dogtown@cove.com>
\$8.95 Plus \$3 Shipping & Handling

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

Capt. Tom Morse really is a captain, now a retired Gloucester gillnetter, but his "Girls" are sailboats acquired over a 50 year span purely for love. As this all began back in the '40s when he was a youth, the book is a nostalgia trip, not only recalling how it was to be a small boat nut but also a recollection of Gloucester and its ways in particular, a unique fishing port that goes back close to 400 years now.

First Love (not her name, Tom has forgotten what it might have been) was a square nose punt salvaged at wharfside. He found her half swamped and adrift and after bailing her out and tying her to the wharf, he waited to see if she would be claimed. She wasn't, so he claimed her. She wasn't a sailboat but he made her one with a sewn up suit of flour sack sails in the typical youthful way, unskilled but unintimidated.

Cristy was a 12' catboat bought with money earned picking water lilies and blueberries to sell to the Eastern Point wealthy.

Then Tom fell in love with the 75' schooner *Alice B. Wentworth*, and was befriended by her skipper. He was never able to consummate this love by possessing the *Wentworth*, however, which sank years later at Boston's Pier 4 Restaurant waterfront.

Mirage, a 35' I-boat, bought for \$400 to settle a yard bill was the "fastest" of Tom's girls, and was the boat on which he was able to persuade one of the fairer sex to join him. But he was drafted into the Korean War and lost *Mirage*.

Huipie, an 18' plumb stem boat, was "one of the cutest girls I ever laid eyes on," found in the Old Mother Hubbard Dog Food Co. ("Something was in Mother Hubbard's Cupboard") and brought back to sail again with the help of Gloucester boatbuilder Larry Dahlmer. Eventually her backbone gave out and she ended up piecemeal in Larry's boatshop stove.

Goblin, an Alden Triangle sloop, was owned by Gloucester writer-historian Joe Garland. Tom sailed on her with Joe often, later bought her when Joe grew restless. But as fishing for a living and a growing family claimed his time, Tom sold her back to Joe. Later Joe again offered her to Tom, but it was not to be and she eventually sank near the old paint factory on Rock Neck.

Roseway, Capt. Jim Sharps' dude schooner, was a once in a lifetime infatuation for

Tom. When a week's sailing trip his wife gave him on the dude schooner *Adventure* looked to fall through as that vessel was condemned by the Coast Guard, Sharp offered Tom an unpaid crew spot delivering the *Roseway* to the Caribbean for winter chartering, "a trip of never ending surprises". The chronicle of this trip is the longest chapter in this slim volume.

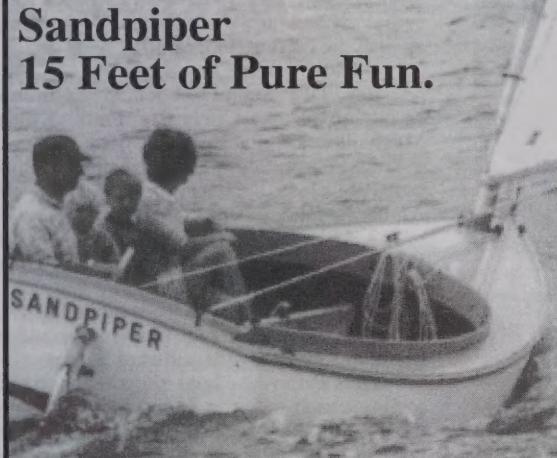
Circe was a Folkboat advertised as a "Free Boat" in the early '90s, ah that irresistible come-on. Tom saw her at Pert Lowell's boatyard in Newbury, Massachusetts (Ed. Comments: I actually did some work on this boat for Pert before her owner gave up). Hauled to Gloucester to Larry Dahlmer's, she was another rebuild job in spades. Tom renamed her after *Mirage*, as *Circe*, the Greek goddess who turned sailors into pigs, had nearly done him in on the rebuilding.

Idle Hour, a Fuji 35, was intended to solve

the problem Tom faced as his life of hard work resulted in enough affluence to entertain notions of extended cruising with his wife, something she would not entertain in the smaller sloops Tom had loved so much. Another fixer-upper, she was finally fit to go but then Tom's wife demurred, and instead flew to meet him and his "dormate" at various ports of call down the ICW, until in North Carolina, with winter at hand and his dormate unwilling to sail with him to Bermuda or the Bahamas, Tom reluctantly left her snugly tucked away, while he awaits the coming summer.

This is a bare bones rundown of what Capt. Tom has to tell us, and I can say that the only drawback to this fascinating little book is that it is far too short, I'd like so much to read much more of Capt. Tom's memories of *All My Girls*.

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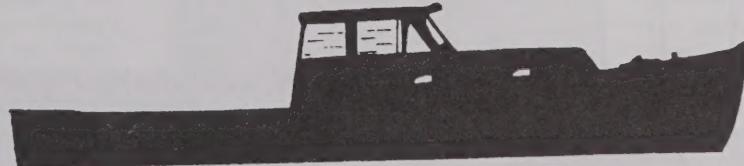
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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show (WB#95): "The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was... The exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

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The day dawned crisp and bright, about 40 degrees, not much wind, perfect for an extraordinary December rowing race and delightful to the organizers who recall last year's event, cancelled by forecasted gale-force winds.

The day, according to Floating the Apple trustee John Tichenor, would be "less about the race and more about getting together in the winter to commemorate perhaps the most famous rowing event in New York City's history." The race celebrates the 1824 competition between the Whitehallers' rowing gig *American Star* and the British gig *The Dart*.

Normally, Floating the Apple does not put boats onto New York Harbor unless the sum of water and air temperature is 100 degrees or more, but the annual *American Star* Race, with its large number participants and chase boats is an exception to that rule. The event would involve both graceful oars and good hard team rowing.

By 8am four Whitehall rowing gigs (wooden oar-on-the-gunwale coxed fours) were up on the davit and into the water, and crews, coaches and onlookers were arriving at the West Village Community Boathouse at Pier 40 on the lower Hudson River, to prepare for qualification heats starting at 10am. The eight crews, including numerous high school youth, consisted of three crews from The Sound School in New Haven, Connecticut, and one each from the High School of Graphic Communication Art/Navy Junior ROTC, Manhattan, NY; New York Restoration Project, Manhattan, NY; Coney Island White Fish, Hell's Kitchen Community Boathouse, Manhattan, NY; The Newburgh Rowing Club, Newburgh, NY; and The Point, Bronx, NY.

The four Whitehall gigs in the race were the *Rachel Carson*, *Kelvin Bowen*, *St. David's*, and *Kate Walker*, all built by Floating the Apple with a variety of youth groups and community volunteers.

Qualification heats pitted pairs of boats racing simultaneously around buoys placed in the cove just south of Pier 40, and involved both speed and finesse. They raced from a standing start, across the slip, round a buoy (each boat had its own) and returned to the

We qualified to race!

6th Annual Floating the Apple *American Star* Invitational Rowing Race

New York Harbor- December 9, 2000

By Mary Nell Hawk



Lineup for a qualification heat.

start line, about 300 yards each way. Easy enough to row hard, but try adding grace under pressure! Coxswains held lines tethered to each starting buoy and all oars were also tossed and standing prior to the starting gun. At the signal, coxswains released the tethers and oars were dropped. Midpoint: Each boat rounded its buoy to port.

The finish was as graceful and beautiful as the start. To finish each heat, the boats back watered to stop at the starting buoys, and oars were again tossed. Slamming into the pier was grounds for immediate disqualification, as was tossing oars and having to put them back down

to avoid the pier. Luckily no one disqualified in this way! In this way, eight starting crews narrowed down to four, to compete in the actual *American Star* Invitational VI.

The final four crews positioned themselves for the one-mile race along one of the most spectacular sections of New York Harbor. A chase boat marked a Starting Line even with the end of Pier 40. The crews held position against the current for the start, and placed themselves according to official instructions, facing north. At the start the boats all fell off to port. Navigation instructions were, "Head South, Row Hard, No Excuses!"

The Finish Line was marked by a British flag waving from the railing on the sea wall, in memory of the 1824 Limey competition. A chase boat stood off to also mark the line. Crews finished sufficiently off the bulkhead to avoid nearby piling fields. Immediately following the race, the boats continued south past a ferry landing, and entered the North Cove at Battery Park City, to dock for a ceremony and crews' lunch before returning, against the current, to Pier 40.

And the results:

1st Place: Sound School, Meg Cimino, cox; Sue Oram, Chris Stephens, Kevin Mychajlowskyj, Pat Kelaher.

2nd Place: Sound School, Jeff Levinson, cox; Pat Deluca, Shawn Forgette, A.J. Powell, Amber Defelice.

3rd Place : Sound School, Nicole Blackburn, cox, Wade Arenberg, Jeff Albee, Ashley Kiley, Nofal Al-Tikriti.

4th Place: New York Restoration Project, Mike Graziadei, cox; Jude Grandoit, Brendan Malone, Johann Ovalle, Edward Santos.

Ken Donovan, boat shop teacher and rowing coach with the Sound School, an alternative public school with a maritime theme, pointed out that winning was not the issue. "The *American Star* race, like other east coast events we visit, such as the Blackburn Challenge, Icebreaker, and Snow Row, has a distinctly recreational aspect which is delightful. These rowing events include schools of all sorts, after-school programs, adults, and young adults with wide ranges of abilities, interests, and experience. It just happened to be the way

The American flag in the lead partway through the final.





John Tichenor waves the British flag at the finish

the chips fell, that we won this year."

The "explainers" from East River C.R.E.W. (Community Recreation & Education on the Water), middle school students versed in the particulars of the historic *American Star* Race of 1824, shared their knowledge with any and all. Navy Junior ROTC cadets, who a year ago signed on to host the 2000 race, arrived early to launch the boats and otherwise host the event.

A chase boat generously provided by its owners, Louis Norris and Diana Russell, was operated by Diana, accompanied by Sharon Brown, former assistant to the renowned John Gardner of the Mystic Seaport Museum.

There were plenty of oars, thanks in part to donations by Concept II.

YMCA Leaders Club teens from the Brooklyn Expansion "Y", Bensonhurst/Bay Ridge, cheerfully pushed/pulled the fully laden gig *Cheticamp* carrying all the gear by land along the race course to the North Cove at Battery Park City and back.

The Auxiliary Harbor Police of the NYPD sent out a boat to follow the Whitehall gig rowers for their round trip, and also joined the group at the North Cove.

John Doswell, president, and Jean Preece of Friends of Hudson River Park do so much to promote small boat use of the New York City waterfront.

Baykeeper Mike Stringer demonstrated and gave away oyster floats with seed oysters, being distributed for ecological awareness and to help naturally clean local waters. The new oyster gardens will be tended by volunteers at New York Restoration Project's boathouse on the Harlem River, the Point's Hunts Point Community Boathouse in the Bronx, and the West Village Community Boathouse at Pier 40.

So many people watched and pitched in, it was a great day! We look forward to the seventh annual *American Star* Invitational in December, 2001.

It was a moment to reflect on rowing, and also on how far Floating the Apple has come in a short time. Founded in 1992, this not-for-profit "organization" restores ready and affordable access, especially for young people, onto New York City's greatest open space, its public waterways. Persons wishing to learn more about Floating the Apple should contact Mike Davis, 400 W. 43rd St. Apt. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412, <floapple@aol.com>



The *Cheticamp* carrying the gear along the North Cove, Battery Park City.

More About *American Star*

Readers with an interest in learning more about the original *American Star* and the circumstances surrounding it which have inspired this annual event can find all the details in John Gardner's book, *Wooden Boats to Build & Use*, Chapter 11, "Four Oared Gigs", available from the Mystic Seaport Museum Bookstore, Mystic, Connecticut for \$29.95.



"Our gig is so small, those buildings so tall." Battery Point 2001, what would Lafayette think about this? (Sharon Brown photo)

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Around the Cape: A Rowboat in the Classroom

On September 9, 2000, Richard Wheeler of Wareham, named *Time* magazine's "Hero of the Planet/Oceans" in 1998, embarked on a journey to raise awareness about Cape Cod, sponsored by the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History. "Around the Cape: A Rowboat in the Classroom" was a 15-day (weather permitting) solo rowing circumnavigation of the Cape to raise funds for the Museum's Naturalist in the Schools Program.

The goal of the Naturalist in the Schools Program is to place a Museum educator/naturalist in Cape Cod schools to supplement classroom curricula. Our naturalists were in many school systems across the Cape until a few years ago, when budget constraints eliminated the programs in many classrooms. Students in the schools the Museum currently visits score higher on comprehensive tests, including the Massachusetts Comprehensive Assessment Survey exams, than other students. The Museum would like to offer a Naturalist in the School for all interested schools on the Cape. A first step to meet this goal was to raise funds through per-mile pledges for "Around the Cape."

Wheeler is a 69-year-old retired educator and Museum trustee who made a four-month, 1,500-mile, solo kayak journey from Newfoundland to Buzzards Bay in 1991 to trace the migratory route of the great auk, a sea bird now extinct (see *MAIB* September 15, October 1 & 15, and November 15 '91 and January 1 '92). Along the way, he found that the North Atlantic fishing industry was in danger of extinction itself, and the fishery did indeed collapse shortly after his trip.

The Cape rowing trip began at Paine's Creek in Brewster at 9:15am, Saturday, September 9. From there, Wheeler paddled up to Provincetown, down the outside of the Cape to Chatham, then to Hyannis, Woods Hole and Bourne, through the Cape Cod Canal, and back to Brewster. Wheeler came ashore every night and stayed in towns and visited schools where he landed.

In addition to being a fund-raiser for the Museum, "Around the Cape" also showed how the Cape could be used as a classroom. "Cape Cod is an extraordinary laboratory for these schools," said Wheeler, whose reading several years ago of *The Run* by John Hay inspired his own interest in natural history. Hay is a co-founder and former president of the Museum.

Wheeler shared his findings along the way with interested schools. He carried a cell phone aboard his boat to call in to interested classrooms, teachers and children, and also visited classrooms to talk about what he has seen out at sea. Wheeler also produced sketches and a daily log. He also wanted to encourage students to think about what the Cape looked like in 1900 compared to the year 2000, and to learn more about the environment.

"Wheeler's trip is a metaphor for what the Museum needs to be," said George Stevens, the Museum's Executive Director. "It needs to be all around Cape Cod. It needs to use the natural wonders of the Cape to teach, and it needs to inspire people to become explorers like Dick Wheeler."

Financial pledges of support for the educational programs of the Museum are accepted through the Museum's membership office. Contact Chris Newton at (508) 896-3867, or stop by the Museum. Those on the internet can learn more at our website, www.ccmnh.org.

Rowing Around the Cape

(Reprinted with permission of the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History)

Story by Richard Wheeler

Photos by Barry Donahue, *Cape Codder*



Dick Wheeler leaves Paine's Creek in Brewster at the start of his circumnavigation of Cape Cod.

Retired educator and *Time* magazine "Hero of the Planet/Oceans 1998" Richard Wheeler (rowed a solo circumnavigation of Cape Cod in a 19' Alden Appledore peapod to raise funds for the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History's Naturalist in the Schools program. The trip took 15 days, and the Museum posted daily updates on the Nature News internet page. Wheeler's log follows:

Saturday September 9: Paine's Creek, Brewster, 9:15 am, destination: Wellfleet Harbor, 2:15pm. Like a fingerling meandering down Paine's Creek to enter the sea, I set off accompanied by a flotilla of small boats and on shore, a choir of about 60 or so supporters. I was particularly impressed by the Cape Cod Viking Rowers who turned to see me off in their traditional wooden dories and Whitehalls. I felt a twinge of guilt being in my very modern, fiberglass boat....

The night before, I had hurriedly packed, tossing equipment and oars into the back of my car. Today, knowing that forgetting one thing would have meant a trip back to Wareham (where I live) I was up at 5:30, repacking. Everything I needed was there.

Out on the water, it was a perfect day for rowing, warm, sunny, little wind. It should have been silent but the noise from the engines of the charter fishing boats sounded more like I was near an airport. I swear I saw a gannet, but it was brown, not white, perhaps a juvenile. There was a giant ocean sunfish lolling in the gentle swells, two miles off Orleans. I saw three American scoters and two white-wing scoters, signs of early fall.

I thought about the alewife again as I plotted my course for Wellfleet, using a compass and map. I charted a northeast course and bang! There was the buoy. But the alewives know instinctively when to come ashore from the ocean in spring to swim up Paine's Creek. They know just when the tide is high enough, and where the creek is. How do they know this? They must smell the creek. I don't really want to know. I love the mystery of it.

After I passed the buoy, it looked like the harbor was only an hour's row away, but then, the current changed and it was like going up an escalator the wrong way. It was two hours

before I pulled into the harbor. A pat on the back to assistant harbormaster Pat Lindbergh who figured out a way for me to tie up for the night.

Sunday I'm headed for Provincetown, and already have to add another 5 miles to the trip, as I have to backtrack around Jeremy Point to get back into the bay.

Sunday September 10: Wellfleet Harbor 7:30am, destination Provincetown Harbor 7:15 p.m. It took me two hours to get back to the Bay from Wellfleet Harbor, around Jeremy Point. The coastline between Wellfleet and Truro was beautiful, the least developed I've seen so far. How it must have looked to the *Mayflower*! I saw seals bobbing up and down and schools of bluefish, but unlike yesterday, few charter fishing boats. Even the gulls seemed to be taking it easy; I saw hundreds just sitting on the beach.

I pulled into Pamet Harbor for a rest and a friendly couple allowed me to plug in my cell phone to make a call. Hospitality used to mean asking a stranger if you could use their telephone; today it means asking to plug in your phone! Back out in the bay I could see Provincetown clearly ahead of me, about 6 or 7 miles. I finally reached the harbor at 7:15, sunset.

Tomorrow, I start my long journey down the outside of the Cape, and I plan to seek local advice. I fear it, but not in a life and death way. I have capsized in the surf but I am a strong swimmer. The water is warm this time of year. It's like approaching a road you know is very dangerous, but you won't know just how bad it is until you're on it.

Monday's destination Race Point.

Monday September 11: Provincetown Harbor, 12pm, destination Race Point, 2:30pm. At noon, I left Provincetown Harbor and made it around the tip of Cape Cod to the old life saving station that's now a National Seashore station. Peter Borelli of the Center for Coastal Studies gave me a lift back to town to get my car. Another wonderful organization we should support! I rowed in flat water all day, about a hundred yards from shore.

It was surprising; it was the first cape where I didn't encounter dangerous conditions.

Capes are the most fearsome meeting of sea and shore. I passed three lighthouses along the way, and saw fishermen, waist-deep in the water, casting for striped bass. There were many seabirds, including an eider duck and a black-backed gull with a broken bill that probably won't last the winter. I gave him part of my bagel. I also passed by a public beach where the swimmers seemed to have forgotten their bathing suits.

The water was very clear, a wonderful green color, and the bottom was sandy, except for dark patches that were rocks or seaweed. The land mass is dune, somewhat obscured by all the ORVs on the outer beach; it looked like a commercial for four-wheel-drives. Tuesday, I'm headed down the outside, and I'm expecting the southwest winds to come up and if they do, I'll come ashore and hunker into the dunes.

Tuesday's destination Head of the Meadows, Truro.

Tuesday September 12: Race Point 6:30am, destination Long Nook Beach, Truro, 10:15 am. They always say the darkest hour is just before the dawn and today it truly was. At 5:30 this morning the sky was dark and ominous, and visibility was just a quarter of a mile. By 6 the sky had cleared and I was off and running, with a southwest wind against me, down the Atlantic coast. I was on the course of Thoreau, a couple hundred yards offshore, and the scenery was wonderful: Dunes, dunes, dunes all the way.

I passed by Cape Cod Light, but I could see it better as I approached it than when I was under it. The only aesthetic impediment on the beach were the SUVs of the avid fishermen, who, like me, are enjoying their solitude, too. Several striped bass were rolling about me, sort of teasing me because I didn't have a fishing pole. I saw an ocean sunfish, several schools of bluefish, two surf scoters, and many cormorants and gulls. The gulls, again, were sitting all over the beach, looking like out of work factory workers. A giant, 120' luxury yacht was in the distance, barreling up the coast, and I could see several fishing dragners offshore.

The beach looks scalloped from the water, like the ocean took great bites out of it. I looked for a spot to come in and saw a little place where the waves weren't breaking as violently. You have to hang outside the surf line until you figure out the sequence and try to come in on the last wave of a series. I was met by a young man named Tony and his friends who helped me pull my boat in, and then chatted me up for a couple of hours. There was great excitement among us when we sighted a 12' shark, gray with a white underside and a great dorsal fin, swimming not far from where I had been.

Wednesday's destination Nauset Inlet.

Wednesday, Sept. 13: Long Nook, Truro, 4:30 am, destination, Nauset Inlet, Orleans, 10:30am. The moonlight woke me at 3am, and at 3:30 I realized it was light enough to row. It was so beautiful at the beach; too bad I was the only one to see it. I found the same spot on the beach I had come in on, and put the peapod out easily. The wind was against me the whole way as I made my way down the coast, past a campfire, and offshore, the fishing trawlers lit up like Christmas trees.

At dawn, people were out for their morning constitutionals, walking the Labrador retrievers, and again, there were the indefati-

gable striped bass fishermen. Out on the water I saw more black-backed gulls and loon flying around, looking for a place to fish. I looked and looked for Nauset Light, seeking my bearings, where was it? Suddenly there it was above me. Then, there was the old Coast Guard Station and beyond, the dreaded Nauset Inlet. I stopped and rested a while, wanting to be alert when I went through, and to study the waves.

I waited until I saw a lobster boat pass through and then I began rowing into the channel. The swells in the inlet were 4'-5', and sandbars were coming out of nowhere. I saw these big waves coming right for me (I had everything tied down in the boat in case I capsized) and I avoided the first two, then one broke right under the boat, but I surfaced in on it. I rowed to a nearby beach that I learned was Snow Shore from a historical marker, and was greeted by a canine harbormaster, a friendly chocolate lab that waited with me until my ride arrived.

I am just blown away by the pristine nature of all I've seen. Isn't it curious we've learned to value of setting aside land in perpetuity to be left alone? I want to get down on my knees and thank someone. Now, why can't we do it with the ocean, for the fish?

Thursday's destination Stage Harbor, Chatham.

Thursday September 14: Nauset Inlet, Orleans, 7am, destination Stage Harbor, Chatham, 2:15 pm. It was a peaceful day for a small boat. Today was one of those days that makes you treasure New England. In Orleans, a fisherman told me how to get around between Monomoy and South Beach to get to Stage Harbor in Chatham, my destination. I went through Nauset Inlet with the tide, and with the waves coming at me, it was like a river rapids situation. I turned the stern to the ocean, and went out backwards. I took in water and had to bail it out so the peapod would not be weighed down.

Rowing along toward Chatham, I saw a large gray seal, a bull, rear its head. It looked more like a horse. It stuck with me for a mile, as close as 50 yards, and kept bobbing up to look at me, as if to say, "You are cool. You don't make any noise." The early morning strollers were out and apparently they don't own anything else but golden retrievers. As I was coming to the break, I saw a stickle-like tail. It could have been a tuna, a bonito or a swordfish; I couldn't see the body. Many people were flyfishing. I passed Chatham Light.

I saw my third ocean sunfish of the trip, it must have weighed 300lbs. I got to look right in its eye, and it stayed with me about half an hour, its eye rolling and looking at me, its mouth moving. It was deep crimson and brown, with a polka dot pattern. I also saw several schools of bluefish and eider ducks and some gulls feasting on a dead bluefish.

The current was strong and with me all the way and it helped me. I had to really stay alert as you never know where the waves are going to break. If I saw some foam in the water, I tried to stay away from it. It showed where the waves were breaking. There were a lot more seals as I approached Stage Harbor, some even went under the boat. Tomorrow, it's supposed to rain, so I plan to visit a school. I'll rest the weekend and resume my journey on Monday, weather permitting.

Friday September 15: It was a rainy day,

so I visited classes at the Station Avenue Elementary School in South Yarmouth, and the boys and girls had such interesting questions I'd like to share them with you. I told the children I wished my eyes were movie projectors, so they could see everything I had seen.

What do I eat? For the most part, I'm eating apples, bananas, grapes, oranges, granola bars and trail mix. It seems to be what my body is craving. People my age were brought up to eat steak for energy, but we really don't need that much meat. My body is also craving rice, potatoes and beans. Peanut butter is good for traveling and I also eat sardines. I need more water than my body is telling me. Every half-hour, I stop and drink water.

What do I do when I get tired? I go ashore and stand up and stretch, this trip is hard on my buns. I try to limit my trips to about six hours a day. I don't want to overdo it. After a good night's sleep, I'm ready to go out again. Last night, I slept nine hours.

What is a surf scoter? A surf scoter is a sea duck. Sea ducks spend almost all their time on the water. Surf scoters have brown bands on their wings. There are two other types of scoters. The white wing is the largest of the three and has a white stripe down its head and an orange, red and white bill. The American scoter is the only American duck that is all black. It has a little blob of yellow on its bill, like a blob of butter. My father used to call them "butter bills". Scoters are also called "coots". Keep track of the seabirds. You live in a wonderful place to see them.

Saturday September 16: Stage Harbor, Chatham, 7am, destination West Hyannisport. The weather forecast was favorable, so I decided to row after all. I wended my way out of the harbor this morning with the fishermen; those hard-core striped bass fisherman were out early too, already waist-deep in the water.

There is a lot of settlement along Nantucket Sound, very different down here compared to the outer and lower Cape. I passed a four-story condominium complex, and stone breakwaters every 100 yards after I left Chatham. A lot of people were on the water and many brisk walkers were on the beach with the ubiquitous golden retrievers.

Off Dennisport, there was an osprey nest built on the harbor entrance marker. I got close enough to see a female was in the nest. There is a lot of eelgrass and wherever it was, it knocked down the waves. It's come and gone in New England, for reasons unknown. It's been speculated the decline was due to pollution from road runoff. But here, it's back in abundance. Eel grass is a wonderful part of the whole marine ecosystem. A lot of things grow on it; juvenile fish find protection in it; some fish graze on it.

In my youth, eelgrass was connected to the Brant goose, which is around here, and if you had eelgrass, you'd be sure to see Brant geese. A lot of people miss them because the Brant goose is often mixed up with the Canada goose. I've seen hundreds of them in some areas south of Boston. I saw a few other birds, a solitary white-wing scoter, a mallard duck and a snowy egret. There was a northwest wind today.

I passed by Great Island how beautiful! Looking at it, you can't tell if you're in Maine or Nova Scotia. As I drew closer to Hyannis, people on the beaches waved to me, seeming to be familiar with my journey. As of 3pm, I

was rowing toward West Hyannisport, and the wind was picking up. The ferries headed to the islands passed me. In West Hyannisport, there was the most serene little marsh going out into the sound. Many, many houses, some very large, have been built on every great view.

Sunday's destination Waquoit Bay.

Sunday September 17: The grandkids came down Saturday, and with the winds coming up, I decided to lay low Sunday. I don't need a rest, but I'll be a lot better off for having one.

Saturday, I met Skip Pleau from West Dennis, who had been following my journey since Day One. I asked him about a peculiar-looking island lying about a mile off Bass River. Skip told me it was an artificial island, made from rocks. In World War II, the island was used for bombing practice. From shore, it looks like a giant barge.

Speaking of rocks, there are many single rocks, hidden by waves, just offshore. Toward the end Saturday, I was tired and slightly punchy, having left Stage Harbor at 6am. I kept turning around (remember, I am always backwards) noticing the rocks here and there, but there was a bright glare from the sun in the late afternoon. All of a sudden, kaboom! I ran into a rock. That woke me up. I have a souvenir scratch on my boat.

Around 4, I pulled into a little cove behind Squaw Island. It was an idyllic place, a typical marsh with a creek running through it and shallow water.

My wife and I had been in contact through our cell phones coordinating where and when she would pick me up. We were using different charts and she had ended up on a different side of the island from where I landed. Before I could direct her to me, my phone died.

As I was sitting there wondering what to do, a little silver VW Beetle pulled up. "Oh, it's you!" a woman exclaimed. She threw her arms around me. Turns out she was at my send-off party at the museum. She and her husband helped me contact my wife through their cell phone, although we had to drive to Craigville to make it work. The kindness of strangers is much appreciated.

I will also remember this part of the Cape for houses built cheek-by-jowl along the waterfront. It makes you wonder. You can't put a negativity on it. These are people who care about the environment, but we've filled up the place with people. On Squaw Island, there are wonderful houses, but at what point do we take away the beauty that causes us to build them in the first place?

Monday's destination Woods Hole.

Monday September 18: Squaw Island, West Hyannisport, 5am, destination Falmouth Harbor, 2pm. I rolled out at 4am this morning and started rowing at 5am in the dark. I saw the sun come up red over Great Island. I thought of the saying, "Red sky at night, sailor's delight, red sky at morning, sailor's warning." Just before daylight, there's a lot of bird traffic, as if they are commuting too. Lots of cormorants headed for the water, and I saw 10 mallards and a loon. I didn't have the tide with me today.

Along Wianno, the houses were palaces. There was even a helicopter behind one! Many people were fishing off the jetties. At 11, I thought I'd give myself a rest. I was on the east side of Waquoit. I thought of another saying, "One only has an adventure when one

makes a mistake." I got in all right, but by the time I was leaving, the wind had picked up and the waves were close together. The boat got swamped twice, and I had to bail it out. Finally, I had to do some thinking. How was I going to get out? I took the oars out of the oarlocks and pulled out a reserve paddle and turned my rowboat into a canoe.

I saw my first pigeons on a beach in Falmouth that startled my impression of being out in the boondocks. Even worse, they were keeping up with me! I was only making a mile an hour. I calculated it would take me six hours to reach Woods Hole, and it was already 2pm. I was tired. I went into Falmouth Harbor and tied up at Falmouth Harbor Marine, and was resting on my oars, scratching my head, when a guy asked me if I had a question. I asked him where I could take my boat out. He recognized me, "You're that guy!" He let me tie up there for the night

Tuesday's Destination: Cape Cod Academy

Tuesday September 19: Destination Cape Cod Academy. More questions and answers today from my school visits. Yesterday, I visited seven classes from grades 2 to 10 at Cape Cod Academy. I was amazed at the level of awareness Cape children have about Cape Cod. Virtually everyone today had been on a whale watch, and most children had seen gray seals. They were familiar with the areas I have been so far.

What kinds of fish have I seen? I've seen many bluefish and some striped bass. I saw the swordfish-like fin, the shark, and little baitfish I didn't expect to see the ocean sunfish, I've seen three so far, so that surprised me. On Thursday, in Chatham, I was able to row over to it. It was bigger than that round table in the classroom. It's kind of oval-shaped. It kept looking at me with its big eye. I have this wonderful feeling sometimes that creatures are trying to communicate with us. Wouldn't you like to say something in fish talk?

How many seals have I seen? I've seen about 20 seals. The museum tells me there are more than a thousand off Monomoy. When I was young, fishermen could go out and kill a seal and get \$15. People like you know that will never happen again. The seals I've seen seem more tame than on my Newfoundland trip. They were curious about my boat and even swam under it.

Have I seen much pollution? No, I haven't. The beaches have been fairly clean too. What concerns me is the stuff you can't see. When I read the early accounts of the area, I get a feeling of abundance. You could put a basket over the side of a boat and pull it back up full of cod! You didn't even need a hook. By the 1700s, the cod already started to diminish. It occurred to me that the water looks the same today as it did to Champlain in 1605. But it has changed dramatically, we just can't see beneath the water when we look out at the ocean.

Wednesday's destination Cape Cod Collaborative in Bourne & Horace Mann Charter School in Hyannis.

Wednesday, September 20: Destination Cape Cod Collaborative in Bourne and Horace Mann Charter School in Hyannis. Today, at the crack of dawn, I'm headed for Woods Hole. I've sought local knowledge about how to get through the gut, and I have to do it at slack tide. Wednesday, I visited Cape Cod Collabora-

tive students in Bourne and the Horace Mann Charter School in Hyannis. Here're some of their questions.

How did I learn to like nature? I lived on a saltmarsh in Marshfield, and having a father interested in nature influenced me. I was curious about everything that lived in the salt marsh, the minnows, the horseshoe crabs, the eels, and I loved to see the birds come in the spring. My recreational reading has been nature writing.

How did I get interested in boating? I grew up around the water and went fishing a lot. I wanted a boat of my own so my brother and I dug clams and made \$35, enough to buy a dory. I've always liked small boats and paddling next to the shore. That's where all the action is.

Do I need permission to go through the Cape Cod Canal? I got special permission to go through the canal. I did it before, on the Newfoundland trip. No paddling boats are allowed to go through the canal.

Why am I doing this? I'm doing it for you, and all the people like you around the Cape. We thought we could stimulate imaginations and make people take notice of what's here. My imagination has also been stimulated. On the second day of the trip, when I rowed from Wellfleet to Provincetown, I encountered the most beautiful scenery I've seen in my life. It must have been what the Pilgrims saw. I saw four different kinds of sandpipers and I didn't know the difference. It made me want to study sandpipers. It's all about learning.

Thursday Destination: Woods Hole

Thursday, September 21: Falmouth, 5:45am, destination Sippewissett, 10:30am. It was wild out there. I got out of Falmouth Harbor while it was still dark and the charter boats were getting ready for a day of fishing. It was hard rowing but the tide was with me to Nobska Point. After Falmouth Harbor, there were many one-room beach houses built 15' up on stilts. Those people enjoy the beach as much as the guy with the helicopter on his front lawn.

I saw two osprey, one carrying its breakfast, it had to be a menhaden, back to its nest. Then one at Woods Hole that took a dive and missed. The usual cormorant commuters were out. I saw the ferries coming and going to Martha's Vineyard.

Approaching the channel, I saw that the water looked like an ocean version of a Cuisinart food processor. The fishermen were looking at me like I was a guy going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Through the gut into Buzzards Bay, the wind was quite strong and the current was going the other way, creating a battle. The wind went up to 25mph and stayed there up to Quissett. After that, everything got bigger. There were 4'-6' waves, close together. The wind pushed me sideways and the waves swamped me several times; I had to keep bailing.

I was afraid if I kept going it would get worse, so I found a little protected beach near the old Cape Codder Inn, now condominiums. There was no one around. I tucked my boat between some dunes and grass and went up a path. I found Charles Montgomery, a retired doctor, and his wife, Mary Lou, who went beyond hospitality and let me use their phone and drove me back to my car in Falmouth.

Friday's Destination: Onset

Friday, September 22: Destination Onset. The weather stopped me dead today .

was about three miles north of Woods Hole, where I came ashore Thursday. But at dawn today, the northwest wind whipped up frothy waves in Buzzards Bay once again. I was eager to start because I wanted to reach the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal, about 12 miles away. But rowing into a 20mph wind, I could have only made 1mph headway at best.

Another problem, the boat catches the wind, and the waves would have been breaking sideways, over and into the boat. The tide and wind are sometimes like a brother and sister. When they're going same direction, it can be fine. But when they're going in different directions, that's when they just go at each other.

Given the conditions, it would have been foolhardy from every standpoint to make an attempt to row. I spoke to my bother, a lobstererman out of Brant Rock, near Marshfield, and he said none of the 30 or so lobstermen there went out either. Every time I talked to a fisherman in a port during my voyage from Newfoundland to Buzzards Bay in 1991, they'd tell me the tough spots ahead. And they would be absolutely right. They all knew of a place that could eat them in certain times of the year. You just have to be humble. You can't be arrogant and say you have to get to the canal. You have to bow to the power of the ocean.

Every morning and night, I'm reminded of Ernest Shackleton when I have to pull my 19' boat up into the dunes. I use a large rubber fender to help roll the row boat over the sand and up away from the waves. Shackleton was a British Antarctic explorer marooned on the ice for over a year in 1915. They dragged a 22' lifeboat across the ice, and eventually sailed to safety without a single loss of life. When I feel sorry for myself, cold and tired, I have to chuckle when I think of what Shackleton and his men endured.

Today I hoped to launch and row to Onset, right at the mouth of the canal, optimistic I could make it, or nearly make it, close enough to start my transit of the Cape Cod Canal Sunday morning. I'll be coming through on the Cape Cod side of the canal. The US. Army Corps of Engineers will provide me an escort, the only way I am allowed to make that trip.

But it all depends on the weather and the seas. If all is well, I hope to start around noon-time. Rowing with the tide, the transit should take less than two hours.

Saturday, September 23: 6am, destination Wareham. At 10am I was sipping a cup of coffee in my house, having completed between 12 and 14 miles in about four hours, on my way to reach the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal. I'm willing to submit that time as a new record from Gunning Point in Sippewissett to my beach near Indian Neck on Wareham Bay.

I left at 6am, greeted by a mill pond of smooth water in Buzzards Bay. On Thursday, I was bailing out my boat in the same location. It was so rough on Friday that I decided it would have been unsafe to launch. For the first mile or so I was bothered by mosquitoes. They must have been hidden in my boat. They made a feast out of me, since I was using my arms rowing. Slowly I reduced the population down to one determined biter. I managed to get that one after about 15 minutes.

The great progress I made means I should be in good shape to begin the Cape Cod Canal transit about noontime Sunday. The row through the canal will take less two hours,

since I'll be rowing with the tide, making about 5-6mph. It might even take me less than an hour and a half and then I'll be on the Cape Cod Bay end of the canal.

Yesterday as I rowed, just about every time a boat went by, if there were two people on it, one waved and then went to the other at the wheel, who would come aft and wave also. It seems that small boat coastal trips are in just about everyone's mind, and it seems I'm doing it for a lot of people.

For wildlife yesterday I saw the usual cormorants coming in from Naushon, where there is a huge rookery. The gulls were shuttling up and down the coast. I saw four or five loons off Scrappy Neck. They are long-living birds that breed and raise families in fresh water lakes. These may be teenagers, kicked out of the house to spend some time around Martha's Vineyard. I saw some ducks that must have been green-winged teals, because of their small size, fast wing beat, and color. That's a first for me on this trip. Saw another osprey; he was looking for breakfast.

I'm full of vim and vigor, anxious to go through the canal. If it's good weather, I might go all the way to Barnstable. But I have to haul out at 3:30pm to attend an event in Chatham.

Sunday's Destination: Through the canal, perhaps as far as Barnstable.

Sunday, Sept. 24: Departure Cape Cod Canal, destination Barnstable Harbor. With the blue lights of my escort vessel flashing, I cruised through the Cape Cod Canal yesterday without incident. Originally I was to start at noon, but the Army Corps of Engineers personnel recommended waiting another hour until the tidal flow towards Cape Cod Bay was strong. People had gathered along the shoreline, and under the bridges, to watch my progress. But the most important folks turned out to be the ones at the very beginning of the canal transit.

Fred and Linda Brown, who had met me on the beach when I finished my kayak trip from Newfoundland in 1991, once again greeted me on the Cape side of the canal as I began the actual transit. As I was about to begin, guess what? One of my oar locks broke, and there I was, stuck. As I was trying to figure out how to make a broken oarlock work, Fred backtracked to his house. He returned with those plastic cable ties, and that did the trick. I'm going to put cable ties right up there with duct tape as wonders of modern life that I now can hardly imagine life without.

The actual journey through the canal was uneventful. It took about an hour and five minutes, total. It rained hard part of the way, enough to justify some bailing. But the water doesn't bother me, only adverse winds and tides. As I entered Cape Cod Bay from the north side of the canal, flat water greeted me as I looked for the entrance to Sandwich Harbor. My escort, which helped run interference for me as other boats were also using the canal, gave me a good blast of the horn as I left. They are good guys.

Once in the bay, I saw some eider ducks, a loon and a few coots. I passed the Sandwich boat basin deliberately, since it was still in the canal, and I wanted to be clear of it when I begin my next leg this morning. I went right by the Sandwich Harbor opening the first time. But I saw some fishermen in waders, and returned to find the opening blocked by the low tide. So I walked my boat in most of the way.

I left the boat in an out-of-the-way place by the parking lot and called my wife. I put the oars on the roof of the car, and crossed my fingers about the boat. You just have to trust people sometimes.

Today I plan to have a whole bag of cables, ties, to make sure the oarlock holds as I row from Sandwich into Barnstable Harbor.

Monday, September 25: Destination: Mashpee Schools. At 6am Monday morning, I walked out to the beach from Sandwich Harbor and looked at the whitecaps in the bay. I had planned to row seven miles to Barnstable Harbor, but after a night's reflection, and looking out at the water, it didn't make sense to go with a makeshift rigging.

I was reminded again of the phrase, "One only has an adventure when one makes a mistake," but also something my grandmother used to say, "You don't have to get out of trouble if you don't get into trouble." Suppose the makeshift rigging didn't hold up out there on the rough water?

I decided to drive to Maine and get the rigging, which broke during my passage through the canal on Sunday, repaired. At Alden Ocean Shells in South Eliot, Debbie Arenburg took care of me. They repaired the broken one, and noticed the other one was about to go. Had I gone out, I would have broken the other one. They replaced it, and gave me a spare. On closer inspection, they noticed the spare was about to go, too, and they replaced it and gave me the tools to do a repair.

They explained that I had taxed the oarlocks with all this rowing, and the conditions in which I was rowing, exerting tremendous back and forward pressure on the rigging.

In Maine, looking at all those rowboats, I thought of the Head of the Charles race at the end of October. I'm entered in the geezer class. Last year I came in second to a guy my own age who's won it for many years. I kind of feel like Jack E. Robinson running against Ted Kennedy, but I want to go for geezer gold this year. I'll probably buy a faster boat.

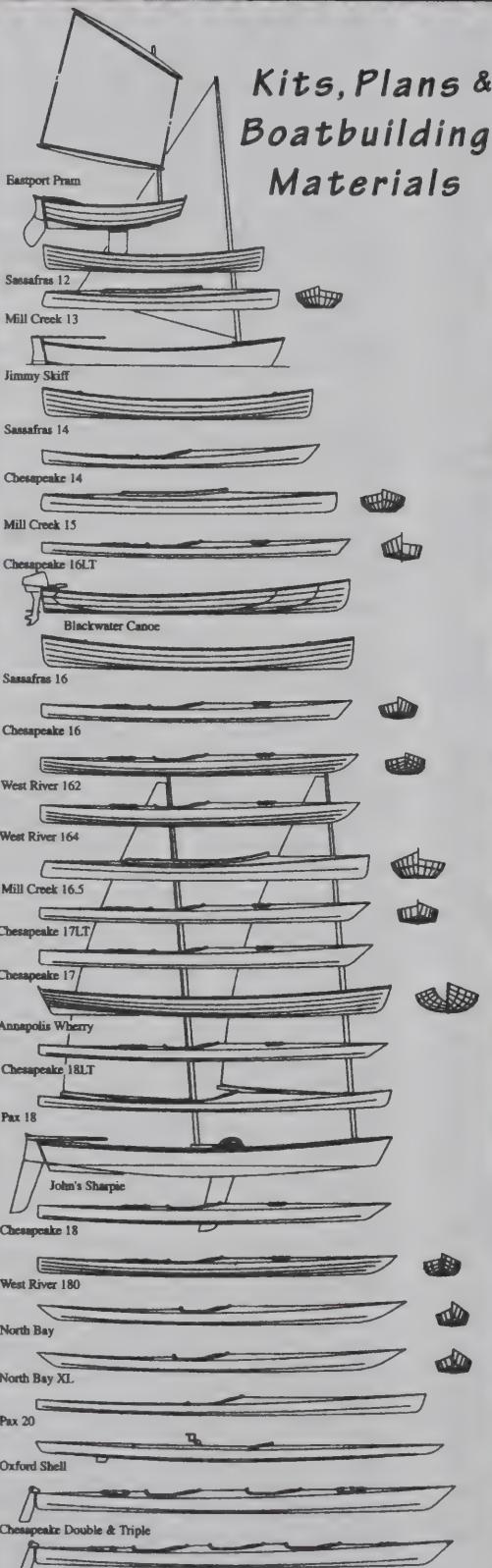
Driving back to Massachusetts, I saw the tips of the trees wiggle and that's a pretty good sign the ocean will have a breeze. I've been putting a request for any wind beginning with an "N" and now I need a southerly wind. If I had one good day of southwest winds I could go to Paines Creek in a day. But it looks like I'll set my sights on Barnstable Harbor Tuesday.

Tuesday, September 26: We're in the middle of a nasty northeaster. The ocean looked angry this morning. It was solid white across the entrance to Sandwich Harbor. It doesn't seem to be abating, and I'm not hopeful for Wednesday. There could be swells that make getting out difficult.

There's always activity around the boardwalk. You can feel the love for this place. So many people come down and walk for their morning constitution, even roller bladers. As I was securing my boat for the high tide this morning, I ran into a woman, about my age, sitting in her car. She looked at me and said the words that are now becoming so familiar, "Are you that guy?" I should have a T-shirt that says, "I'm that guy." Another couple of people approached me with the same line. I'm beginning to think I am filling the gap left in people's lives since *Survivor* ended.

People are very appreciative of the awareness this trip is creating and I am blown away by how many people are following my jour-

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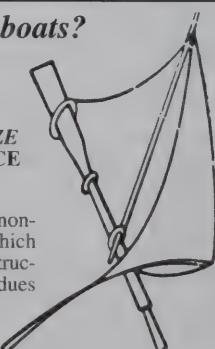
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ney. All the minutiae, they are so interested in them. I visited the seventh grades at Marstons Mills Middle School today. Visiting schools restores my energy. It makes me feel good about the quality of education and the value the museum can provide as a resource. Good questions from the students, which means good teachers.

One unpleasant thing happened today. This afternoon, I went back to check on the boat and found someone had stolen the anchor. It was very disappointing. If anyone tries to sell you a 10-15lb Navy type anchor, with a 5-6' chain and 100' of line, buy it and I'll buy it back.

Thursday, September 28: I awoke up upset at 1am and couldn't go back to sleep. The whole anchor incident really shook me up, and I kept thinking there was some guy out there hoisting my boat on a trailer and driving off with it. So I dressed and drove down to the Sandwich Marina parking lot, and spent the night in my car next to my boat. The wind was so strong it rocked my car, even though the lot is behind a dune.

We shouldn't be surprised to have this kind of weather. It's the solstice and there is often a change in the weather the third week in September. When it comes to finding out about the weather, I have three ways of doing it. One is to read the newspaper. Another is to check the Weather Channel. The third is to call my brother John in Duxbury. John is a retired lobster fisherman and he's got a marine radio on all the time in his kitchen. He lives only a mile from the water, so he can tell what the ocean is like by looking at the tops of the trees in his yard.

A guy named Bill Coughlin from Dennis called the museum yesterday. He'd read about my anchor being stolen and he wants to bring me an anchor today. I'll meet him after I visit the Marstons Mills Middle School. It's fair weather, I hope to get in a few hours of rowing before the end of the day.

It's encouraging know that 60 classrooms have signed up for a visit with me? We will get to every one, and I apologize for canceling some scheduled visits when I've elected to take advantage of good weather.

Yesterday afternoon, Bill Fitzpatrick a local guy, helped me tie the boat on my new trailer. He did it better than I could have. I leave here with lots of good feelings about the people of Sandwich.

Saturday, September 30: Destination: Barnstable Harbor. Even before I went over to the water yesterday morning, I talked to my brother, the ultimate authority in weather wisdom. "If you go out in this combination of wind and high seas, and into the rip, you'll be like a frog dancing on the blade of a Cuisinart food processor," he said.

So I rowed out yesterday to the end of the rip in Sandwich Harbor to figure out how to get out today. The tide will be with me today and there should be no wind. By yesterday afternoon, the wind had abated. If I get a break, I might go as far as Sesuit today. I am so anxious to get back, but I am cautious. I've tried all my life to read and learn from the mistakes of others. One tidbit I picked up is that there is a high percentage of boating accidents the last day of a trip. By waiting, it will be safer and more comfortable.

People often say on a nice fall day like we had yesterday, "Why aren't you out there rowing?" It's hard to explain that just offshore

a lobsterman is having a heck of a time pulling up his pots in the open. As soon as the wind hits the land, the friction of the land, the trees, slows the wind.

Psychologically and physically, I feel detached from the boat and the process. I feel like spraying my body with WD-40 before I set out. Today, I'll have my Willy Nelson bandanna on, and I'll be singing, *On the Road Again.*

Sunday October 1: Departure Sesuit Harbor, Dennis, 2:30pm, arrival: Paine's Creek, Brewster, 3:15pm. Sunday, another gift of good weather. I was supposed to arrive on the beach at Paine's Creek at 3:15, so I got a deliberate late start from the marsh by the Marshside restaurant where I had left my boat. I love marshes, a wonderful meeting of sea and shore. I counted six "are you that guy?" as I headed out into harbor and out to the jetty.

The wind helped me, and in less than an hour I was near my destination. I had to pull up short around the point to wait, because I wasn't supposed to row into the creek until 3:15. Finally, it was time to go. I rowed in and was met by a flotilla of kayakers, all women, and there were 50 to 100 people on the beach. The Friends of CCMNH (the corps of volunteers who raise funds and help the museum) had cider and cookies. My wife, Sandra, was

there and our two dogs, who give me the same greeting whether I have been away three months or just back from the post office.

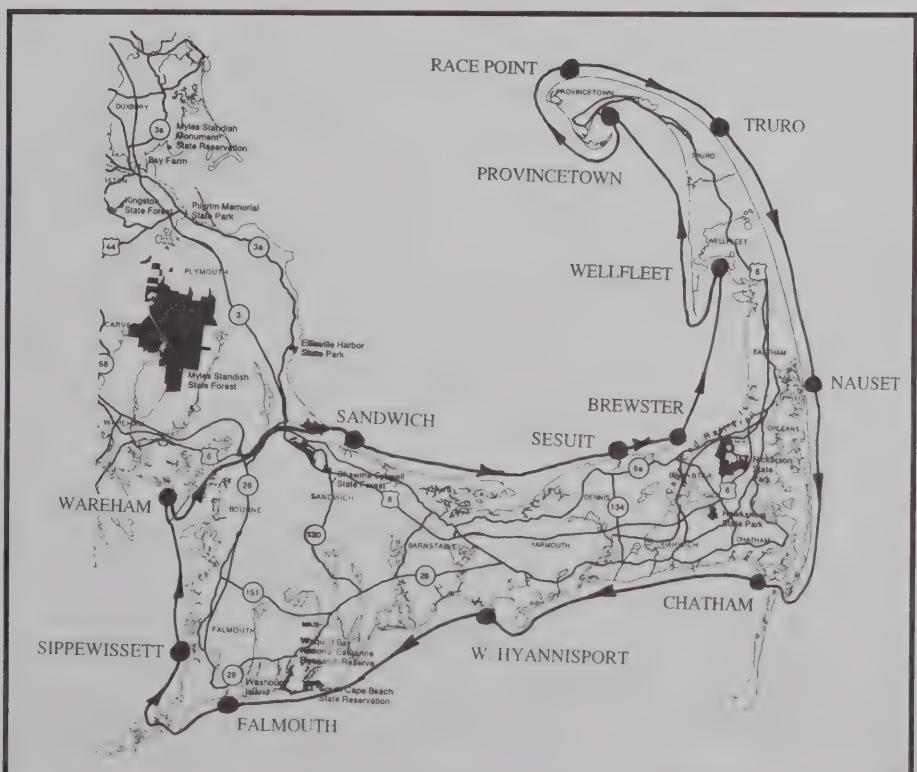
John Hay, the personification of Paine's Creek, was also there to greet me, and that was very emotional for me. I had come full circle like the herring in his wonderful book *The Run*. I'm left with a lot of good memories of visual sites and of the people following my journey in the newspaper and on the internet.

The most satisfying thing has been happening in the schools. I have a day off tomorrow, then we're starting up the school visits on Tuesday. I get energy from these young kids. I'll probably have some sort of withdrawal, now that this is over. The problem with most people my age is not feeling useful anymore. This has made me feel useful, and it's touched a nerve for me. I'm not just another male challenging the environment, and I think people understood that.

I'm impressed with what I have seen, but I've never seen it before. I wonder what someone would have thought if they had seen this 50 years ago, or 150 years ago. How often you hear people say they go back to the town where they grew up and there're houses built all over the place. You wonder if someone will say some day here, "That's enough."



Dick Wheeler completes his circumnavigation of Cape Cod on his return to Paine's Creek in Brewster.





Paddling The Okefenokee Swamp

By Mac McCarthy
Reprinted from *The Wee Lassie*

We had excellent weather at our 10th get together in November at Stephen Foster State Park in South Georgia. In order to be sure of getting a cabin, we make our reservations eleven months ahead, usually for the first weekend in November. Unbelievable as it sounds we have never been rained on, or had a day we could not paddle. The people at the park have allowed us several privileges over the years. While the general public must be off the water by five o'clock in the evening, we have been allowed to take an evening paddle.

This year we got special permission to paddle early in the morning. I can't describe how gorgeous Billies Lake is as the sun is just starting to rise beyond the cypress trees. Bird calls can be the only sound, as our fleet of canoes drifts through the silence. This is a time for slowly drifting across a mirror surface, everything duplicated upside down in the water. A gentle mist rising from the cool surface of the lake blurs distant canoes, leaving you alone. A great blue Heron spreads his wings, and sails into the sky ahead of our fleet. You can hear his wings it is so quiet on the water. What a way to start off a day.

After a quiet hour or so of paddling we return to the park, to check out for the day's paddling, and to pick up the paddlers who slept in and missed our early morning excursion. Even when the water level is low, as it has been for several years, there are several day trails open for us to paddle. This year River narrows, and the loop trail to the Sill where the Suwannee River officially starts was officially closed. This is one of our favorite trips, being one of the prettiest areas of the swamp, however the trip to Minnies Lake is also a great paddle.

There is a rest platform at Minnies Lake, which is basically just a deeper, wider section of the cypress swamp that is the headwaters of the Suwannee River. We usually take a break at the platform, stretch our legs, and get comfortable for the paddle back down to Billies Lake. There is a slight current, and it will be helping us on the way back, although we hardly notice it except in a few places where the channel gets very narrow and twisty, as it squeezes through massive Cypress trees on its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

Back on Billies Lake we can turn east and paddle to Billies Island. The lake slowly narrows, and soon we are paddling up a narrow channel, and pine trees are clearly visible behind the cypress trees, the surest sign in the swamp of dry land. There is a dock here, and dry land, not just a platform. At one time, while they were clearcutting the swamp back in the early 1900s, there was a thriving village on the island. Now there is only a small family cemetery protected by a fence from curious visitors. There are trails leading back into the center of the island, but few signs of the logging town remain. The trees, and undergrowth have taken back over.

It is hard for us to imagine what life would have been like here for a homesteading family before the swamp was logged out. Subsistence farming, hunting and fishing, completely cut off from outside society, they had

their own culture, very similar in some ways to the pockets back in the Appalachian Mountains of North Carolina. There are several excellent books available at the park store that detail the life in the swamp, and the culture that evolved there.

The park itself is worth the trip. There is an extensive nature trail, a museum, and two nights over the weekend there are programs in the evenings about the swamp, and the creatures that live there. The park offers camping, both tent, and RV, plus there are nine fully equipped cabins. The cabins have been newly refinished, and are comparable to any motel units in cleanliness and comfort. The bedrooms and baths are separated so it is comfortable for two families to share a cabin, which cuts the \$60 or so a day fee in half.

A television set in each cabin is a new addition. The first thing we have done for the last two years is to turn the TV set around so it faces the corner, and cover it with a towel for the balance of our stay. Each cabin has a big screened porch, and it is really a delight to sit there in one of the rockers, and watch deer, fox, and raccoons do their thing.

For anyone who thinks of swamps in terms of spider webs, bugs, snakes, alligators, and all sorts of creepy crawlly things, Okefenokee can be an eye opening experience. The alligators will leave you alone if you leave them alone. We have seen water moccasons, and once I almost stepped on a pygmy rattler, and the mosquitoes at certain times of the year could be deadly at night, but have never been a problem for us in November.

When I think of the swamp I am enfolded with quiet serenity, the only sound the whisper of the wind in the cypress tops, bird song, frog songs. The plop of a turtle dropping off a

log into the water as I approach, the short almost hissing bark of an otter disturbed by my passing, as his head rears up out of the water like a thick black periscope. Coming around a bend in the channel and startling a deer munching on water plants, watching as the deer makes up its mind whether to be threatened by my quiet arrival on the scene. These are the things that I remember when I think back on our many paddles at the swamp.

The swamp is also intimately connected to many pleasant memories of good conversation with good friends, and total strangers. Once seeing a canoe ahead of me in the stream, two people sitting in total silence, their canoe broadside in the middle of the channel, I thought they were watching a bird or deer, or gator, and back paddled. Then after a moment I realized they both had their eyes closed, and were just sitting there in total peace and relaxation. In communion with two total strangers. Our giggles broke the silence finally.

When we first got together at the swamp, I never dreamed that ten years later most of us would still show up to enjoy the swamp, the food, the conversation, but we do. We have never had any rules or regulations, dues or fees, and hopefully we can continue with that tradition. Join us next year if you can, for a very pleasant experience. November 1-3, Stephen Foster State Park outside of Fargo, Georgia. If you want more info, send me an e-mail.

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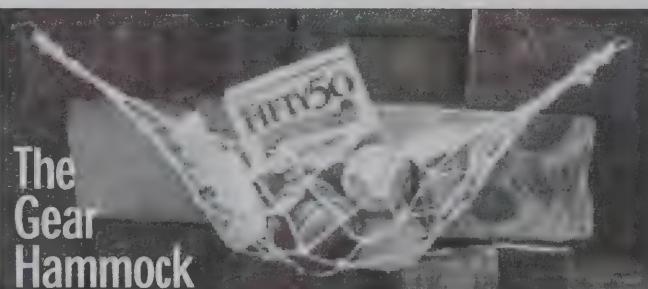
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Birthday Bomb

By Robb White

My wife found a bomb on her birthday last year. Usually she gets a fishing reel or an outboard motor or a chainsaw or something like that but I must have forgot because all she got was this bomb. It was on the sea side of the island rolling around in the surf. We both tried to read all the badly spelled stenciled writing on it, but none of it made any sense even after we had put a foot on it to stop the rolling. There was no question that it was a bomb though and unexploded. There were a bunch of children messing around including our own grandchildren, so we carried it up the beach and hid it in some very thick yaupon bushes and went in the skiff to look for the authorities.

It wasn't hard to find them either because it was calm and a Saturday and they were out in force checking to see if all the paperwork was straight on all the boats in the bay and if the registration numbers were spaced out right and all. We eased up alongside a pair of them and told them about the bomb and made an appointment to meet them to show them where it was. We hung around all the rest of that day and all the next day and they never showed up so we figured they didn't really want to fool with the bomb anyway, or perhaps, the history of certain credibility problems had preceeded me or something.

I knew another of the authorities (notice that I am not directly identifying the organization to which "the authorities" are attached) personally and decided to just wait until I chanced to see him out counting PFD's and checking to see if the ESPD (efficient sound producing device... a plastic whistle) had been stomped on. I figured that the bomb was in a safe place hidden in the bush far from anyplace where anybody would want to go so I waited. It turned out to be almost a year before I saw my man out on the water (it was sort of rough that year... no weather for the authorities). I eased up alongside his big fenders and requested a courtesy check.

After he got over the shock of that I told him about the bomb. Now this man is the right kind of lawman. If you don't do right, he will get you.... kind of legendary around here, and I knew the bomb was as good as gone. I told him exactly where it was and marked the spot on his chart while he filled out the report. He didn't know what a yaupon bush was (*Ilex vomitoria*, cassein, the caffeine bearing beach holly so dear to the real Florida natives) so I

Made by hand with traditional fishing net methods and materials. Knotted from cotton seine twine with solid brass or stainless steel rings at ends. 24" and 36" long. \$15.00 and \$20.00 includes shipping and handling.

offered to lead him right there and show him. We took off toward the island but his boat was much faster than ours and he got there first.

We met him coming back. He stopped and told us that there was no way that he could get in there where the bomb was and that he had called the bomb disposal people about two hundred miles away and that they were on the way. I said that I would be glad to wade in and get the bomb and bring it out to him but he said that he didn't want any civilians to go anywhere near the thing but he did need confirmation that it was still there and how long had it been since I had last seen it. "About a year," said me.

"Are you sure it is still there?" said he.

"Ought to be," said me. "I'll be glad to take you to get a little peep if you want me to. You can run up in the shallows and pull off them shiny shoes and roll up your britches legs and I'll show you exactly where it is."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. "We'll just have to accept your confirmation. You go confirm that the bomb is still there and call the reporting number on the telephone and they'll dispatch the disposal technicians."

"Ain't got no phone," I said.

"Dogshit," I think he said but I'm not positive.

"Well, when you confirm, you can give me a signal from the beach." All this time, we were drifting ashore and by the time all the arrangements were made, we were in about fourteen inches of water and only about a hundred feet from the bush where the bomb was but I declined to offer any more suggestions that might simplify the situation and waded in and peeked at the bomb and waded back out and told him all about it and he took off for the mainland, running about half a mile ahead of his wake (it don't pay to try to outrun the authorities).

About six hours later, five men (including my man of authority) arrived in a junk car belonging to one of the island residents (no road or car ferry to the island). They had a big special looking box and I took them down to show them the bomb. They peered at it through the bushes like it was a rattlesnake, then made all us civilians (me and the man who drove the car) go hide behind the dune. The authority man came with us voluntarily... getting sand in his shiny shoes involuntarily.

After a while, we heard some cussing and arguing and finally, the bomb men came struggling up through the soft sand with the nose of the bomb sticking down in the special box and the tail sticking out the top. They loaded it into the old rusty car and took it away on the rough island road. I was surprised that it didn't bounce out or fall through the floorboards and get run over. We listened for an explosion and watched the authority boat cross the bay but there was no mushroom cloud.

Three days later, there was a short article in the paper, "Authorities Find Unexploded Bomb on Area Island." The only thing I regret about it is that I forgot to tell them; that the bomb was my wife's birthday present.

Note: I know some of y'all are horrified at my seeming recklessness in the face of this bomb (USN phosphorus flare) so I have to tell you that I am a whiz-bang old bomb man from way back. Why, I was in attendance in a foreign country, which will remain un-named, when two of the three stooges in charge let an atomic bomb roll off a forklift. Well, I was there when it started rolling, anyway.



Kathy's First Solo

By Bill Weymouth

I knew she thought she was going to die, but she did it anyway. At the end of the maiden voyage, she said, "I have to have one of these canoes!" My wife Kathy had encouraged me to build a Wee Lassie canoe, a twenty-five pound floating escape pod. Most of a cold and damp Maine spring was spent preparing pine strips and wooden forms, and building the 12' strip canoe on those forms. The total cost of wood, epoxy, fiberglass and supplies came to about \$200. It would have cost less but there is an additional tax in Maine called the crowbar fee, this fee is applied during the actual purchase of material at the marine store. The harder a store clerk has to pry cash out of a customer's hand, the higher the tax. Most people's tax works out to about two or three percent, mine was pro-rated at six point two percent.

Well, the boat was completed in a few weeks, in time for blackfly season in central Maine. By the time I was able to construct a harness for a blackfly so it could tow me at trolling speed across my favorite pond, the hunters had shot all the big ones. The only ones that were left were those pesky ones about the size of a chickadee. In early June around here one can give to the Red Cross or go boating, we can't do both in the same week though, we just lose to much blood.

Around July the weather and the bugs started to cooperate, and Kathy was persuaded to try out the little canoe. We went to the closest pond and set up the boat on the sandy bank. I made sure she had a lightweight double paddle and a good lifejacket and gently pushed her into the pond. After a few minutes she realized she wasn't about to die and began to explore the 6' deep shoreline looking for minnows and painted turtles. Kathy paddled that little canoe for an hour all by herself with only a minute's instruction.

She was successful for two reasons, the non-demanding double paddle, and the canoe being designed to be paddled from a comfortable and very safe sitting position. I had some plastic chairs without legs that were ideal for placing in the bottom of the boat, keeping Kathy's bottom nice and dry.

If you really want to get away for an afternoon, away from complication and people, one can't go too far wrong with a craft that flips upon a vehicle as easy as a bag of gro-

ceries. Carry a lunch and a sports umbrella with you in the boat. This umbrella can be used to fend off rain showers, or used as a downwind sail if you are lucky enough to be traveling downwind. It can be used as a sunbrella, or a privacy screen on land for the inevitable. Also, if one paints 6" yellow eyes with black pupils on the outside of the open umbrella, it will frighten away the various bloodsuckers still around hoping to further their genetics at your expense. The eyes will scare away bugs too.

So find a seam in a stream under your own steam and dream of catching a mean ream of bream. A moment in the company of boats is never wasted. Paddle your own way to savor the best in a day. One caution, don't let anyone know you can build a little boat until you get to go boating to the limit of minimum gratification for that season. It really feels like I got away with something when I was able to do this once or twice between helping friends build their boats.

I'm building a small trimaran now so I have to go underground for awhile and plan my next invasion of the marine supply store.



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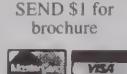
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All My Girls
A Memoir By
Captain Tom Morse
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.....And just when you thought Capt. Morse had hung up the nets, retired the traps and was putting around on the wharf, he has quietly taken pen in hand and recounted the details of his second life --- a nautical Henry Higgins, if you will, gathering together his harem of broad in the beam, down in the counter, rag tag, used up and abandoned damsels in distress...

"All My Girls" celebrates a way of life Gloucester has good reason to be proud of, and Morse is an earnest and charming spokesperson."

- Rae Francoeur
Salem Evening News, Sept. 7, 2000

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I could not believe my eyes when I first saw *Dolphin* in Seth Perssons Boatyard in 1983. She had an incredibly shaped hull, very fine and unlike any catboat that I had seen before. I had told myself that I would not restore any more old boats, but when I saw this boat I just had to know more. There was quite a lot of local history, obviously, she had been in the area for quite some time. Some people had lived on her, sailed her, worked on her, loved her. I found the owner and I didn't really argue too much about the price, like I normally would have, I just bought her. She needed a complete overhaul, I knew this when I bought her, I didn't really care about the shape she was in, it was the shape of her that I wanted to preserve.

Dolphin was designed & built in 1893, in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard by George Huxford. She was originally built as a "pickup truck of the sea" but was used mainly as a party boat her whole life. She was very typical of catboats from the Vineyard at the time. Small, almost flat topped cabin, large cockpit, low freeboard. She was actually outfitted with oars. Her original oars are in the ceiling of the Black Seal restaurant, originally Tumbledowns, in Essex, Connecticut. They are quite imposing looking. I don't think that she actually traveled under oar power, they were just used to maneuver around the harbor under fair conditions. She spent most of her life in Rhode Island, before ending up in Connecticut in the early sixties.

I was not really a catboat nut at this time, but I was a boat nut. I had owned repaired, restored, patched about 20 boats ranging from 20' to .78'. Even built a few boats. I had worked at planking, framing, building on many other people's boats for a part time living for years, even before *WoodenBoat* magazine, if you can believe that. Those were actually good years, early '70s to early '80s as you could buy good wooden boats fairly inexpensively, and you could still get good quality wood. I sailed a lot of different boats sloops, cutters, yawls, schooners, a catamaran and a trimaran, and had sailed on one large cat, about 32', an Anderson Cat, called *Meow*, owned by Captain Joe Gillis at the time, but originally

Dolphin An 1893 George Huxford Catboat

28' 6" loa x 26' lwl x 12' beam x 32" draft

Kittywake, which is when I fell completely in love with catboats.

It took a few years to get around to working on *Dolphin* as I had a house that I was building and a business to run, but I tried every day to do something on her. I finally got her home to my house in Lyme, Connecticut, in 1990 and then things started to move a little faster. I had removed most of the inside of the boat by that time. I had known since the beginning that I would have to replace every piece of her. I realized then and now that it would have been far easier to build a new boat, but it was not what I wanted to do, I wanted to rebuild her piece by piece to sort of preserve her soul, so to speak. You may agree or disagree, it really doesn't matter. Some say reconstruction, some say restoration, some say it is a new boat. It is the same old *Dolphin* to me, although the only original piece left is a piece of the old horn timber 1-1/2" square that I mortised into the new horn timber and dated.

The first thing I did to really start the project was to remove the keel and replace it with a new keel. The old keel wasn't the original keel, as it was with most of the boat. Over a 100 years, almost everything had been replaced at one time or another. So, as I had already removed the centerboard trunk when I removed the interior, I removed the garboards, sawed though what was left of the frame ends, cut the bolts that held it to the stem and the mast step, cut the bolts in the knee that held it to the transom, tied a chain around it and pulled it out the back.

I built up the new keel out of white oak, two pieces, 4" x 12" x 24", on top of each other to get 8" thick, red leaded it and put it back in place. The aft part of the keel needed a 10' x 12" x 2" thick piece of white oak steamed to the curve of the aft part of the boat, which eventually formed the top part of the plank

rabbet. Also the cutout for the prop was done and the hole for bronze stern tube was drilled. I fastened it (the keel) with temporary floor timbers at this time.

I then started fabrication on the centerboard trunk, I say fabrication as it is a stainless steel (316L) flange that bolts down on top of the keel, but the tube formed by this flange also goes down through the keel so that it can be caulked from the outside, if need be. The top part is made up of 2" thick mahogany boards, 12" wide, fastened together in the normal way, bolts, splines etc., to look like a wood trunk, but also to cut down on the noise created by a totally metal trunk. The floor timbers in the way of the trunk are bolted to flanges, which in turn are welded to the trunk flange. It is very strong and does not leak, at all! The old keel was split in the way of the trunk even though the keel was made up of two pieces, I have seen a lot of split keels in larger catboats, that was the main incentive for making the stainless flange. I couldn't afford at the time to make it up out of silicon bronze, but that would be my first choice if I could.





this was fastened with bronze screws, and bolts that I made up, to the keel, but temporarily fastened to the hull.



The next item was the mast step, pretty important up in the eyes of a catboat. I found a piece of white air dried oak that was in the form of a crook. This piece was 9" square and 8' long. I at first attempted to shape this with an adz but found a chainsaw more to my liking and made quick work of it using a chainsaw and an axe. This was then fastened to the keel and stem with bronze bolts. I also at this time built and installed the breast hook, with the mast hole in it and fastened it to the stem. This was built of 4" thick white oak, two pieces bolted together with 3/4" bronze bolts. This is about 30" x 30" deep.

One of the problems with a project like this, is keeping the shape of the boat. The starboard side was in better shape (more sweet), so I made a few forms, eight in all, of that side and duplicated them for the port side. I then clamped them into shape and then fastened the planks with screws to the interior forms. I then cross battened across the hull after the deck and house were off. I had a centerline (actual line) overhead, running from the stem to the center of the transom, and a lot of other string and plumb bobs, which were constantly being checked and rechecked, also to keep it somewhat in line. Once everything was fair, I started putting in the floor timbers, some were 5' long, she did not have floor timbers originally. I put floor timbers in at every frame station, including half floors around the centerboard trunk. These were all 2" thick white oak.

Once the floors were in, it had a whole new skeleton, so to speak; new stem, new keel, new transom. The next items were the frames. The frames on this boat were 1-3/4" square white oak. I removed every other frame, and drilled 3" diameter holes in the planking where I would need clamps to clamp the steamed frames into place. I would plane up about ten frames, I could cook six at a time in my steam box. I steamed them about 1 hour per inch of thickness at first, which equates to about 1 hour and 45 minutes. I found a little less was better, 1 hour 15 minutes to 1 hour 30 minutes. It depends on the quality of the framing stock.

The next step was the stem. The stem was made up of two pieces of white oak, gripe, etc. in the usual way, and temporarily fastened to the breasthook, but permanently fastened to the new keel, with 1/2" to 3/4" bronze bolts that I made on a lathe. Then I had to make up the horn timber and transom. The horn timber was a 4" x 6" piece of white oak, close to 5' long. The transom, both curved up and sideways, was originally carved out of 8" thick or thereabouts white oak 9' long. I couldn't find any wood even close to this, so the inner layer was made up of live oak 5/4" steamed in place and the outer layer was 5/4" mahogany. All



When everything was ready I would don my "insulated" work gloves, grab a frame, run into the boat and work it into place in under 45 seconds. I can tell you that this is fun but hard work, it can get a bit stressful if you are doing it alone. The frames and the boat suddenly become quite slippery, but after I had done a few, I developed a system of working with the steamed frames and the clamps. I have approximately 150 clamps and it was never enough. The best help is to have another person there, like my wife Bobbie, to hand me the frame and help me wrestle it into place. Steaming, for me, is the best part of boatbuilding, except for planking. With steaming, I get the smell of the steamed wood cooking, there is anticipation in the air, and it is fairly fast. After all the hundreds of frames that I have steamed, some 3" square section, it is still amazing to me that I can bend them, and have them hold their shape.

Dolphin has a lot of tumblehome, especially toward the transom. This required splitting the frames for about 2' or so on the bandsaw before steaming to help bend them and to keep their shape afterwards. The ends of these frames for about 18" bend through an approximate 6" radius which is fairly tight for an almost 2" thick frame.

The planking was just plain fun! I managed to get a great load of flitch sawn white cedar for the job, and haven't been able to get any that good, since. The cedar was 1-3/4" thick x 20" wide x 18'-20' long, enough for the whole boat plus. There were two small knots in the whole load. I'll not go into great detail on the planking process, there would not be enough room here for that, but I will touch on a little bit of it. *Dolphin*'s planks are very wide, not unusual on a catboat but unusual for most other boats. When I say wide I mean the widest plank on her bottom is 14" wide at its widest point and 1" thick. The garboard ends had to be steamed into place with a special extra wide and short steam box that I made for the job. The reason that it had to be steamed is that it has a twist similar to a propeller blade which had to be steamed as it was in danger of splitting.

The spiling of planks and fitting them is actually not very hard to do. People make a big deal of it, but there is a knack to it. I managed to put on about one strake around the boat a day, port and starboard. As for fit, I couldn't get a .003" feeler gauge into any seam on the inside. The top strake along the deck is of white oak, just like the original. Fairing the hull is a whole nother ball game. It is a lot of work and cannot be hurried. I use various hand sanding boards of different thickness and stiffness. I made up all the sanding boards that I have. They are all about 18" long and 6" wide, with handles on the top. The normal method is to use a very sharp hand plane.



I next put in a western red cedar ceiling her whole length from sheerstrake to floor timber to add to her hull's stability, as well as assist in creating a ventilating chimney effect for her bilge. A center cross beam was set right where I wanted her cabin to end. Just aft of her widest point, to also help keep her hull stable.

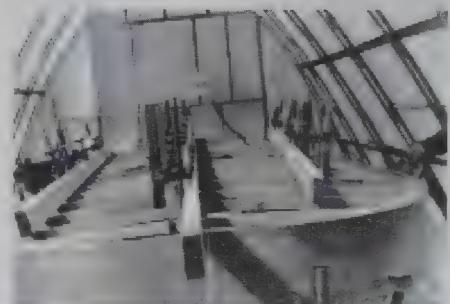
My choice for an engine was a Volvo three cylinder 28hp diesel. I put in the engine bed, built an oil pan out of fiberglass to keep the possibility of a spill out of the bilge (a wise move it proved to be), lowered the engine in and ran it just to hear her purr.

The next process was to get all the deck framing done. The foredeck had the deck frames steamed on edge, and then trimmed on the bandsaw, as with the aft deck. The side deck framing was cut on the bandsaw to desired arc, and the sheer clamps were steamed into place and bolted to the frames. The cockpit framing had two layers of marine plywood,

joints staggered, screwed and faired out for a layer of dynel and epoxy, which makes a great waterproof and strong deck. The engine was put in at this time, and I built two large diesel tanks, 33 gallons each, that fit in under the cockpit floor.

The cockpit was originally about 11' long and 9' wide, it had a small flat top type of cabin. I intended to do more cruising with the boat, so shortened the cockpit by 3'. It is now 8' x 9', which is still quite big. This makes for a more usable cabin. Under the main hatch she has 5'-8/2" of headroom, a head to starboard, galley to port, large table on the centerboard trunk, coal stove to port and two large bunks under a giant skylight. The forward hatch is mainly for ventilation, but is quickly removable for stowing items. It is a quite comfortable boat, the head is a little small for most people, but it works in a pinch.

The cabin coaming was steamed and laminated out of four layers of 5/16" x 16" x

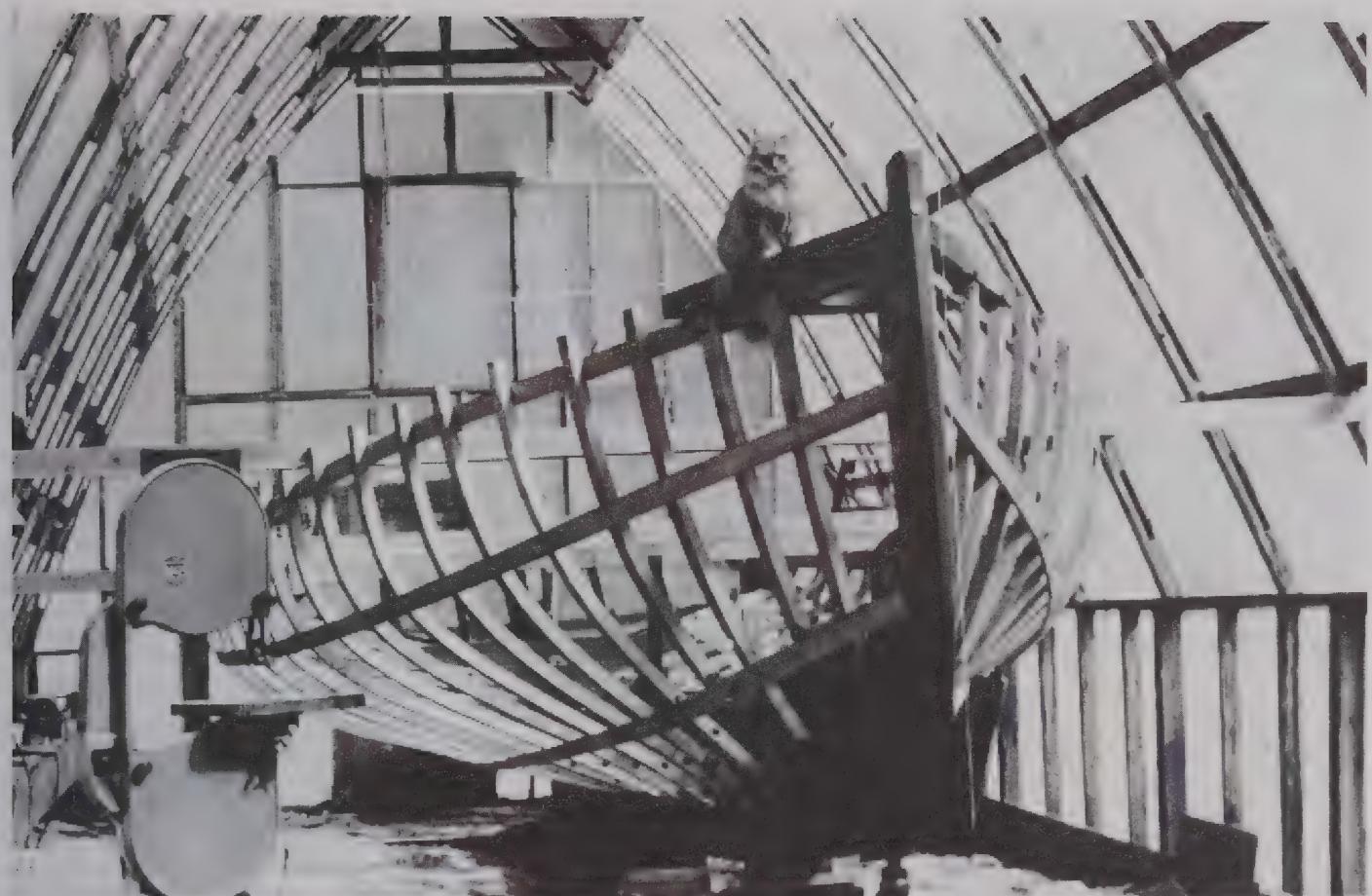


16' long, wide Honduras mahogany. I originally wanted to steam it up out of white oak, but could not find any clear white oak of that size. I did search extensively, clear white oak 18" wide and 16' long, 5/4" thick just isn't around anymore that I could find. I built a form in place using the cockpit staving for part of it. I then glued the layers together using epoxy and lots of clamps. The cockpit staving that I made up is beaded tongue & groove Honduras. The coaming was kept the same height as the original. To increase the height of the cabin I put in a constantly changing camber to the cabin top, each frame was a different arc diminishing to almost flat at the front of the cabin top. The cabin top was then covered with beaded tongue & groove fir, with two layers of 1/4" marine plywood on top of that, glued and screwed and staggered joints as in the deck, and covered with dynel and epoxy.

The next step was building the hatches and the joinery work involved in that. This was all built out of Honduras. The skylight was built, the headbeam of the skylight is built by gluing two pieces of mahogany on edge with a piece of sheet bronze in the middle, also on edge, to prevent the headbeam from sagging, which would eventually cause the skylight to leak. The cabin door was built so that it would swing open and also fold down on itself so that we could see over it from the wheel when sailing with the cabin doors open, which seems to be most of the time. Twenty coats of varnish were put on all the bright work.

To Be Continued)





It was, unhappily, a perfect day. For the moment, to my left, was an unobstructed view of Penobscot Bay, incredibly blue, rimmed with granite and conifer topped islands, ruffled by a twelve knot southwesterly. I imagined the swift and easy motion my boat would have had in such conditions. Focus, I told myself, trying in vain to clear this most painful vision from my angry brain, just keep going. The best day so far, and I couldn't sail.

Wrestling with self-pity, I plodded forward, cursing my luck and hoping there were only two or three more miles to go. Running through the outskirts of Rockland, though, the suspicion that I might have underestimated the distance to Rockport began to emerge. I had been in a hurry to catch the ferry, so perhaps I had miscalculated. It was beginning to look like more than the three miles I had guessed.

At least the ferry ride had been fun. My daughter, Rebecca, and I, and the damned outboard, had caught the 8am out of North Haven, bound for Rockland. We needed to get the motor to a mechanic in Thomaston that morning. Steaming through the sun streaked mist in Fox Island Thorofare I had almost forgotten how depressed and angry I was. I even began to feel that maybe things would work out.

Until yesterday, our cruise had been going reasonably well. We had trailered *Swan*, our 28' Shearwater, from our home in New Jersey to Rockport, Maine, and launched her on Sunday, all without undue trauma. That was three days ago. We had a perfect sail on Monday from Camden to Vinalhaven, and Tuesday found us ghosting delightfully in Fox Island Thorofare, between Vinalhaven and North Haven, not far from Perry Creek, where we had anchored the previous evening. It was foggy and virtually windless that day, but so quiet and peaceful that we enjoyed simply floating along on the glassy water.

Indeed the wind was so light that our forward speed just matched the speed of the slight current running against us, so while we were moving through the water, our progress over the bottom was minimal. The kids announced that we were racing the lobster pots, and placed bets on the more brightly colored buoys. A little breeze and we would surge ahead, to the cheers or boos of the wagers. A little lessening of the breeze, and we would fall behind, again with great fanfare.

It was only when we reluctantly concluded that the breeze would never really fill in that I tried to start our usually dependable Honda outboard. After dozens of pulls on the cord, numerous adjustments of throttle, choke and carburetor, inspection of plugs and fuel filter, and many, many bad words, it became painfully obvious that the motor was not going to start. In a foul mood, we radioed Brown's Boatyard on North Haven and they were gracious enough to have a mechanic meet us at the dock. Obligingly, just enough wind appeared to get us there before closing time.

We were met at the dock by a mechanic named Foy who immediately started in on the motor. He worked on the motor for ten minutes without success. Pushing his cap back off his forehead he said, in a fine Maine accent, "Well, I could be wrong, I been wrong once before so I suppose it could happen again, but you ain't got no spahk. Now if that was caused by bad wires or plugs, I could fix it for ye, but it ain't. Your wires and plugs are good. So it seems to me your startin' coil's gone bad, and,

Run For the Motor

By Paul Follansbee

if that's what it is, I cahn't fix it."

"Who could?" I asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Well, there's a feller over ta Thomaston, buddy of mine, could do it. You could call him and see."

Which was why I was running to Rockport. To get the motor from the ferry dock in Rockland to the mechanic in Thomaston, I needed a car. My car was in Rockport. My plan was to run to Rockport, get the car, drive back to Rockland, fetch the motor and Rebecca, drive to Thomaston, get the engine fixed, and then reverse the process. My hope was to do all this before 2pm, the time the ferry returned to North Haven.

A truck roared by, scattering pebbles and blasting me with the air it pushed aside as it plowed down Rt. 1, effectively shocking me back into the present. I looked at my watch. 10am. I'd been running for forty minutes, should be getting to Rockport soon. Given my luck with mechanical devices lately, the Jeep probably won't start, I thought grumpily. And even if we find the mechanic in Thomaston, what are the odds that he'll be able to fix the outboard, or that he'll have the part?

I began adding the cost of a new outboard to the vacation expenses. Not a pretty picture. Still, although I was trying, I found it difficult to maintain my pessimism. I couldn't shake the feeling that somehow things were going to work out. I knew, on a cosmic scale, that whether my engine got fixed or not mattered not one bit, but today it just felt as though perhaps the cosmos cared.

I reached Rockport at 10:20am and the Jeep started. So far, so good. Tired but elated at the same time, I drove the 6.3 miles back to Rockland, picked up Rebecca and the outboard, and made it to Thomaston by 11am.

The parking lot at the marina was crowded, and I had to park a good distance from the repair shop. Still dressed in running shorts and a singlet, I felt suitably ridiculous as I luggered the 10hp motor across the lot and into the shop. Once inside, we immediately encountered a very large and very loud man, apparently doing fifty things at once, all of them cheerfully. Quickly looking me over he said, loudly of course, "So, you must be the idiot who's running all over Maine like a chicken without a head trying to get his goddamned motor fixed. Your wife, who seems to have some sense, called to see if you got here. Well, I ain't got time for this since I'm three weeks behind as it is, but seein' as your wife has to suffer with you, and I feel bad for her, I'll see what I can do. Just throw her (meaning the engine) in that tank over there and I'll be right back."

Open mouthed, I did as he said. He was back in a minute. Setting the choke and opening the throttle, he gave the cord an easy pull. The engine immediately started and proceeded to purr. Looking at me with what I took to be a glimmer of sympathy, the man said, "Well, I guess you're just goddamned tickled to death now..." I was speechless. I tried inarticulately to explain that it really hadn't started yesterday, that even Foy couldn't start it.

"Since Foy couldn't start it, there must be something wrong," he acknowledged, emphasizing the "Foy". Calling an elderly me-

chanic over for consultation, he began to speculate as to what might be the matter. "If it ain't the plugs or the wires or the coil, could be the fuel pump, but that don't seem likely... more likely it's a short. You got one of those goddammed sensors on this thing?"

I had no idea what he was referring to.

"You know, a sensor that keeps idiots from starting the engine while it's in gear?" He fiddled around with some wires and immediately answered his own question. "Oh yeah, here it is. What you got this motor on, a sailboat? Whatta you need a sensor for on a goddammed sailboat, ain't like its gonna accelerate and throw you overboard when the motor starts. Whatta you say I just yank the sucker? You're not gonna sue me, right? You just wanna get back to your hard earned vacation..."

"Pull the sucker," I said, and with one yank it was gone. "How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Fifteen bucks, but it'd be real nice if you'd buy something seein' you're here."

Five minutes later, luggering the engine and a new 12v deep cycle marine battery, I said to Rebecca, "With any luck we can make the 2pm ferry and get in a sail this afternoon."

"If your legs hold out," replied my daughter doubtfully.

I dropped my doubtful daughter and the motor at the ferry dock at 12:25pm, and drove the 6.3 miles to Rockport. Parking the car, I checked my watch again. 12:40pm. The ferry was scheduled to leave Rockland at 2pm. An hour and twenty minutes should be plenty of time to run 6.3 miles, provided, as Rebecca alluded, my legs held out. Fortunately, the adrenaline was still pumping, and 50 minutes later I was back at the ferry dock.

The ferry ride remains a euphoric blur. I remember sunshine and blue water, and that happy, tired feeling you get after a long run. The vacation was saved, the breeze was holding. We were actually going to get to sail today. I could hardly believe it.

We were the first off the ferry in North Haven. We luggered the engine to the dinghy dock, loaded it into the dinghy, and pulled for Brown's boatyard, where *Swan*, as well as my wife and son, lay waiting. They could tell from 100 yards away by our expressions that our mission had been successful. Excitedly, I fitted the motor onto its station on the stern. The fuel line was attached and primed, the choke pulled out, throttle set on start. I gave the cord an enthusiastic pull, as my wife and children looked on. Nothing. Another pull. More nothing. Another pull, another nothing. I was inconsolable. Now I felt the fatigue, the unfairness of it all. One more pull. Thank you God, it started.

"Let's get out of here." Lines were cast off, and we powered off the dock. The main was reefed by the crew as we moved out into the thorofare. In five minutes, the sail was up, the engine killed, and we were beating west through the thorofare into that delicious southerly. The blue bay, the conifer and granite rimmed shoreline, all looked better from *Swan*'s cockpit than they had from the shoulder of Rt. 1. *Swan* leaned gracefully, her sails curved and taut, as, in Roger Rodibaugh's words, she "climbed the wind". The afternoon sun slanted golden between the clouds, gilding the water. Seagulls wheeled overhead, and seals sunned themselves on the rocks. I think the cosmos smiled.



The Worst Boat I Ever Owned

By Nick Scheuer

It was half of a wing tank, probably for a P-51 Mustang, we figured, or a P-47 Thunderbolt, or maybe even a Lockheed P-38 Lightning. There were no markings, but all of those Army Air Corps aircraft were considered worthy, so its true lineage didn't much matter. Our imaginations would fill in the blanks. The logic of it being only half of a tank and had therefore never been close to airplanes of any sort never occurred to us.

The price from a friend at school was fifty cents, and I just had to have it for a boat. My enthusiasm for it surely being a key component for a legendary WW-II pursuit plane had to be suppressed, so the seller wouldn't bump up his price.

I had already acquired a derelict plywood dinghy (*MAIB 3/1/90, 1/15/91, & 5/1/91*) but rebuilding that was going to be a big project. The wing tank looked like an "instant boat", and at age ten, I was eager to get some water time. We had the rivers, lakes and oceans of the World to conquer, and the sooner we got started, the better.

Fortunately, logistics restricted our choice of water to the old Mill Race on the NE side

of downtown South Bend. That Mill Race has now been resurrected as an Olympic white water kayak course and tubing recreation facility; sort of a concrete trench with big lumps of sculptured concrete scattered throughout to churn up the flow. But in the early 1950s it was just a shallow backwater, with its control dam shut off from the flow of the St. "Joe" River and largely filled in with concrete rip-rap and gravel. The limited depth and location near enough to home for our Radio Flyer wagon to serve for transport kept us safe enough while we learned to use this boat.

Safe? The potential for peril in this thing was huge! We just hadn't discovered that yet. First lesson learned was stability; or more correctly, lack of stability. The perfectly semicircular hull sections made for an exceedingly tender boat. Then there were the tapered longitudinal lines, with the freeboard at the small end being very low. Having no positive flotation, the thing sank like a stone whenever it took too much water over the side and filled.

Our first paddle was just a short plank. With no keel or skeg underneath, the tank yawed to and fro with each stroke. We had yet

to learn the J-stroke, but proficiency would not have helped much in this boat. Just keeping the tank right-side-up took a lot of concentration.

When my father found out what my friends and I had been up to he made some stern suggestions for improvements. These would have to be incorporated before we would be allowed to embark again.

It only took an afternoon and two empty turpentine cans to qualify, or so we thought. We fashioned a 1"x4" wooden thwart bolted atop the gunwales. The thwart extended beyond each gunwale and the cans were lashed underneath with wire. Roll stability was greatly improved, but the "turps" cans were too small for ultimate positive flotation. We found this out with an actual test down at the Mill Race. Dad knew the cans would be inadequate, but we had hoped to prove him wrong.

No problem, we found an empty 5gal kerosene can in the garage and it sure looked big enough to keep a swamped wing tank afloat. Dad saved everything that looked somehow useful, so whenever we needed to make something, chances were we could find the raw materials out in our garage. And there was just enough room under the center of the thwart to clamp the can in place, too. Trouble was, the new flotation tank occupied the best place to sit. We finally scooted the can forward enough to allow one paddler to sit in the large end, with legs straddling the can. This boat engineering stuff was getting complicated!

My brothers and I enjoyed several outings at one of our favorite places, Pinhook Lagoon, out at the NW edge of the city. The river had once described a tight horseshoe loop, but a channel had been cut across in order to improve the flow. The isolated river loop became a lagoon and the land within the loop became Pinhook Park. For these adventures Dad would transport the tank on top of the Chevy. If it was just bluegills we were after, we rode bikes out to Pinhook.

Eventually we figured out that our wing tank would never amount to much of a boat. First of all, all of the extra tankage had rendered the gracefully tapered shape fairly ugly. And the crummy seat for just a solo crew limited her potential for the kind of fun we had in mind. And the bow still went under all too easily. And her yaw control never got any better, even with a double-bladed paddle.

As my wing tank's list of faults grew longer, daydreams in school about how infantry soldiers might find wing tanks dropped by pursuit planes and use them to cross rivers by the light of the moon began to dim.

If only we could find another tank half; we could join them with a pair of thwarts and have a dandy catamaran with plenty of room for two. Powered by a pair of paddles, the boat would move straight ahead, for once. No need for the "turps" cans, neither. But we seemed to have the only wing tank half in South Bend.

In just a matter of days, by word of mouth, I found a kid from outside our neighborhood willing to pay a dollar for my wing tank half. What a deal! Doubled my money, and didn't drown!

Funny thing, though, some folks spend fortunes on boats that don't teach their owners nearly as much about how boats are supposed to work as that old aluminum wing tank did. Lessons illustrating how it lacked any of the virtues a boat should have were never lost.

Faire Winds, Y'awl, Moby Nick



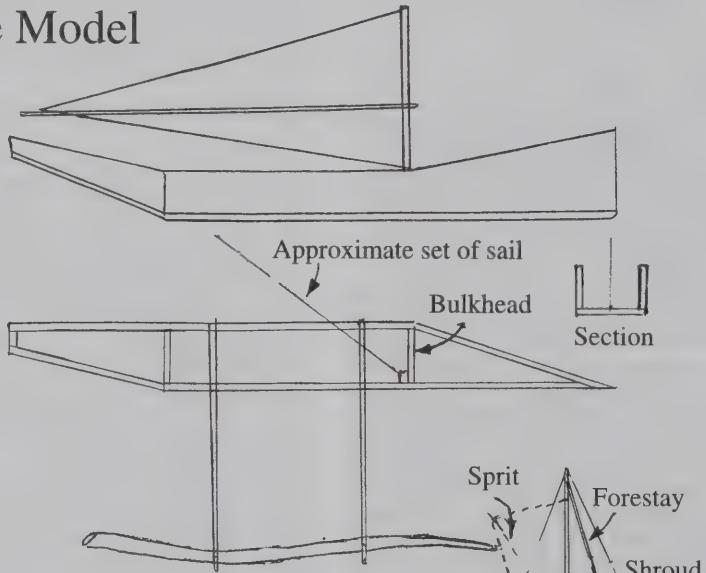
When, in a former article I sketched the back-to-front double-canoe, I forgot a peculiarity which can be seen in many canoes from Oceania; the hulls are assymetric.

This can be attributed to simple happenstance or lack of skill on the part of the builders, were it not that both hulls were shaped in exactly the same manner. In both hulls the starboard bow was shaped flat, running almost straight into the starboard side of the mainbody of the canoe. The canoes were tied starboard to starboard.

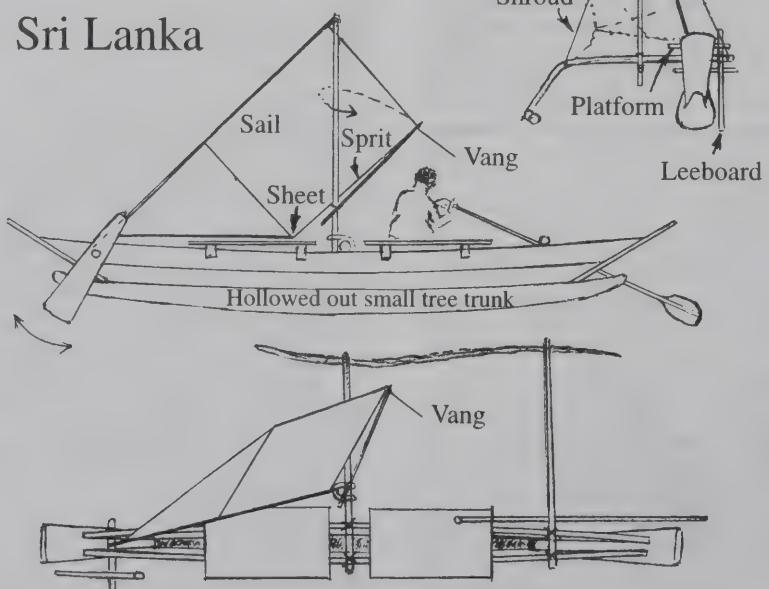
On the portside of the canoe, the bow was rounded into a definitive curve. In the aft section the starboard side was rounded and the port side flat.

If you take a small piece of wood with a square section, a 1/2" square and, after deciding what will be top and bottom, cut each end diagonally and place it in the water, a light push will show you that the piece does not go

The Model



Sri Lanka



DreamBoats

Secrets of the Builders Of Canoes in Oceania

By Richard Carsen

straight, but will turn. Tie two pieces together at a little distance, and you will observe that the entire assembly will turn. If the sail is put near the bow of one boat, the turning effort from it should minimize, if not entirely nullify, the tendency of the off hull to pull the ensemble into a turn.

I built a simple model of straight pieces of plank and shaped it in this manner. The section of the model was a narrow rectangle, with one narrow side forming the bottom; the sides

were wallsided. A short mast was glued in at the starboard corner of the central box. The sail was a long, narrow triangle; I had observed that at least some outrigger sails are considerably longer on the boom than on the standing part. The short end of the sail was glued to the mast, the bottom to the boom. I attached an outrigger spaced about half the length of the craft from the starboard side with two akas. The outrigger was a simple branch, as I had observed on the Sri Lanka outriggers, complete with some twist, and fairly light, the length about the same as the length of the hull.

Placing the craft in the water, with the sail at an 30-35 degree angle, with a light wind coming in from starboard, I was surprised to find that it moved in a perfectly straight line, a perfect reach, making unerringly for a float where I could pick it up. I repeated it a few times with the same result, the counterclockwise action of the hull seemed to perfectly counteract the turning momentum to starboard of outrigger and sail.

Now the model hull's behaviour may be just a happenstance, imperfect workmanship; but the full-size hull of an outrigger I was able to closely examine was twisted in the same manner. Imperfect workmanship? Hard to believe as this hull was carved along its length with intricate patterns, not the result of slapdash work! I believe that in both cases the "twist" was purposefully and carefully hewn in.

The Sri Lanka outrigger is obviously set up to serve local waters and prevailing winds. Being on the port tack when coming in, they ran before the wind once they rounded the end of the land. Each brought his sail to starboard when before the wind, the outrigger side. The sail was brought around and forward of the mast, and as it filled out again it did so with the crack of a gunshot...bang...bang...bang! as the fleet of outriggers gained their new course. They can capsize towards the light outrigger, so the crew of two must be keeping their craft upright by bodyweight.

Of course, Sri Lanka is not Oceania. But outriggers there exhibit the same assymmetries. When Lewis asked why they overbuilt their canoes at the outrigger side they were unanimous in their explanation that it offset the drag of the outrigger. They denied the possibility that it might also draw the craft to windward. Of course, in the wide expanse of the ocean this may be hard to verify, although it is obvious that the navigators narrowly observe their wakes. They may know.

Lewis describes the results of a lengthy tack, following a run "full and by". They had averaged 8nm on the run. Setting up a graph from the given details of the tack, 17nm, I took the speed of 8nm/hr as the speed of the craft in the tack, although I feel that I am bending over backwards, as the craft, tacked without the help of a steering oar, was proceeding in a waving line, alternately falling off to gain speed, and heading up to gain to windward. But even at that speed the canoe could not have made good the given time unless it was also helped along by some other agent; a current?

Lewis does not mention it or factor it in. Does the greater bulge of the hull toward the outrigger indeed pull the craft "uphill", making it arrive at a point higher than where it pointed? Builders/operators of Oceania today may be unaware of the full effect of the twists and curves of their craft. It's just that their ancestors did it this way.

Introduction

This is a series of articles which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study; to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

Capsized

Picture if you can a dark night on the Pacific Ocean. Picture also one person, one small boat and one thunderstorm on that ocean. Next visualize that boat capsized. Stephen Ladd's 12' boat, *Squeak*, capsized in a thunderstorm off the coast of Colombia while on a three year cruise from Florida to South America and back. At the time of the capsize he was sleeping in the bow. He had set the mizzen sail and retired to his cabin. Two hours later his boat capsized.



From a safety point of view, was undertaking a cruise of this scope in such a small boat a mistake? What could Stephen have done to avoid this capsize?

A 360 Degree Roll

What must it be like to find yourself swimming in the ocean in the middle of the night off the coast of a foreign land with your boat awash? A capsize can occur at any time given the wrong conditions. Can you be prepared for a capsize if it does occur? We'll demonstrate that you can, and what is more important, that you should be.

Sometimes while cruising things happen that we don't fully understand. That lack of knowledge can cause problems. It's absolutely necessary to know the elements and conditions in which you are operating at all times, their dangers and their consequences.

Stephen's belief was it was the flooded cockpit that caused the capsize. As you can see things have advanced too far. He is now in a very serious situation.



Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

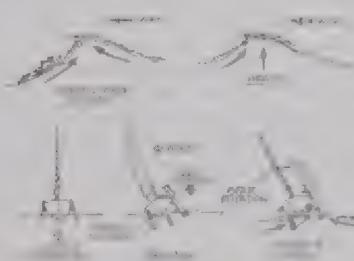
By Don Elliott

If the craft had been designed to prevent flooding of the cockpit would this have happened? How often do designers of small boats take these things into consideration when putting a boat on paper? Is it irresponsible to design a boat without considering what that boat and its crew might be exposed to? Was it the water in the cockpit that caused the capsize? What would have prevented this capsize from happening? What must Stephen do now?

Upside Down

It's hard to imagine what it must have been like that night. Stephen was surrounded with violent wind, lightning and waves and desperately needed to take steps to survive.

A flooded boat is unstable; it will be impossible to board. Its buoyancy is no longer functioning. Making matters even worse *Squeak*'s spars are levering the boat over. Any attempt to climb aboard the boat will cause it to capsize again. Even in warm water at 75 degrees prolonged immersion can sap your body heat. He needed to get out of the water. Climbing on top of an upturned boat would do that. Stephen found that *Squeak* was more stable upside-down so he climbed on top of the over-turned boat and held on to the skeg.

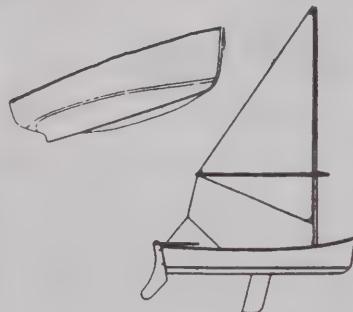


You might realize that Stephen's attempts to climb aboard while the boat was upright would cause more flooding of the already swamped boat. Also note that the boat was more unstable right-side up than upside-down. These observations will allow Stephen to make a decision on what to do next.

Stephen now must wait for the wind and waves to let up. He should then attempt to stabilize *Squeak* by removing the spars. What in the above description cause Stephen the most problems? Why was *Squeak* more stable upside down than right side up?

(To be Continued)

KITTERY POINT TENDER



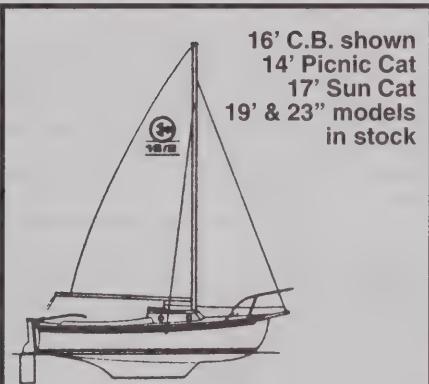
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We wrote about our little "marina cruiser" in *MAIB* in July '99, with photos of Bruce Tyson's masterly rendering of the concept. He named her *Merlin* and we intend to adopt that name for the design. The phrase "marina cruiser" was unfortunate in a way as it suggested a lot less capability than the design actually delivers. There aren't many small power cruisers more capable in open water than this buoyant little boat. The design was aimed at people who enjoy their boats without feeling any need to perform exploits with them, and who find their pleasure in leisurely and sociable enjoyment of familiar places.

By our observation such people outnumber those who want to go far or fast. The pity is that they usually don't realize that the boats they're offered are designed for the far-and-fast types, who tend to be the ones who write the articles and reviews. There's a similar situation with automobiles; the car magazines are edited and written by enthusiasts with an intense interest in performance of one kind and another, and not much interested in the majority who "just need decent transportation".

However that may be, this boat took into account that while the people of the tastes that it was designed for don't go looking for hard weather, it may catch them at some point, and they ought not to have to suffer what Claud Worth called "morbid anxiety about the weather".

It's not easy to imagine a powerboat, es-

Bolger on Design

Merlin Further Trials

Design #428

21'3" loa, 7'10" beam, 2'4" draft, 5000lbs.
displ, 200sf sail area

pecially a small one, in which the engine is less obtrusive than this one. It's literally hidden under the bed. These small Japanese diesels are not very noisy in the first place, especially if they're run well below their peak rpm. This one has two partitions between it and the cockpit, and its exhaust outlet is on the lee side (that is, whichever side is to leeward) well forward. From the cockpit it is invisible and almost inaudible, and if it's not running it's not obtrusive in the cuddy either. Yet it is conveniently accessible from all sides, and its propeller is extremely well protected and practically immune to air ingestion. All these benefits come from acceptance of the modest speed. A more powerful engine would not fit in the space, and a heavy engine in this location would make an inefficient hull form for high speed.

The boatmen looking for a pleasant day in quiet weather also tend to be button-pushers

who expect the engine to start when the button is pushed, and to be at a loss if it doesn't. This is one place the sailing rig comes in; for get-home power. The usual rigs put into small powerboats for this purpose, cut-down racing rigs conceived for boats that have to do sharp maneuvering under sail and conform to rules with alien objectives, generally won't give them steerageway, and are tall, complex, and expensive to no purpose.

The sail shown in Bruce Tyson's photos is only 200sf and not hard to smother. There's one single-part halyard, one single-part sheet, and a short pendant for the tack. There is no standing rigging at all, and the top of the mast is only 25' above the waterline. The photo of her returning to her anchorage shows how little clutter this powerful sail demands. The mast is in a fixed step for simplicity and for minimum obstruction to the view from the helm, but it wouldn't be hard to arrange a tabernacle which would allow quickly reducing the overall height to 8' above water.

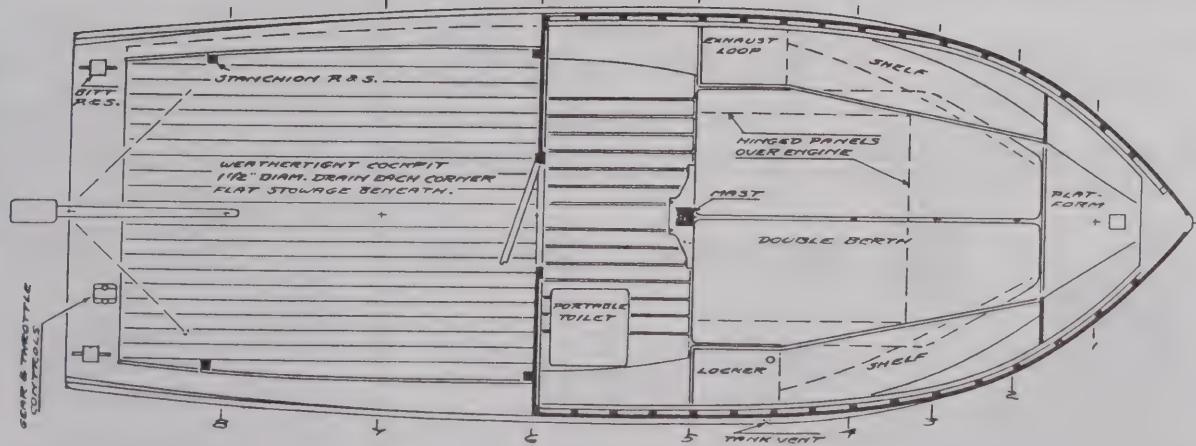
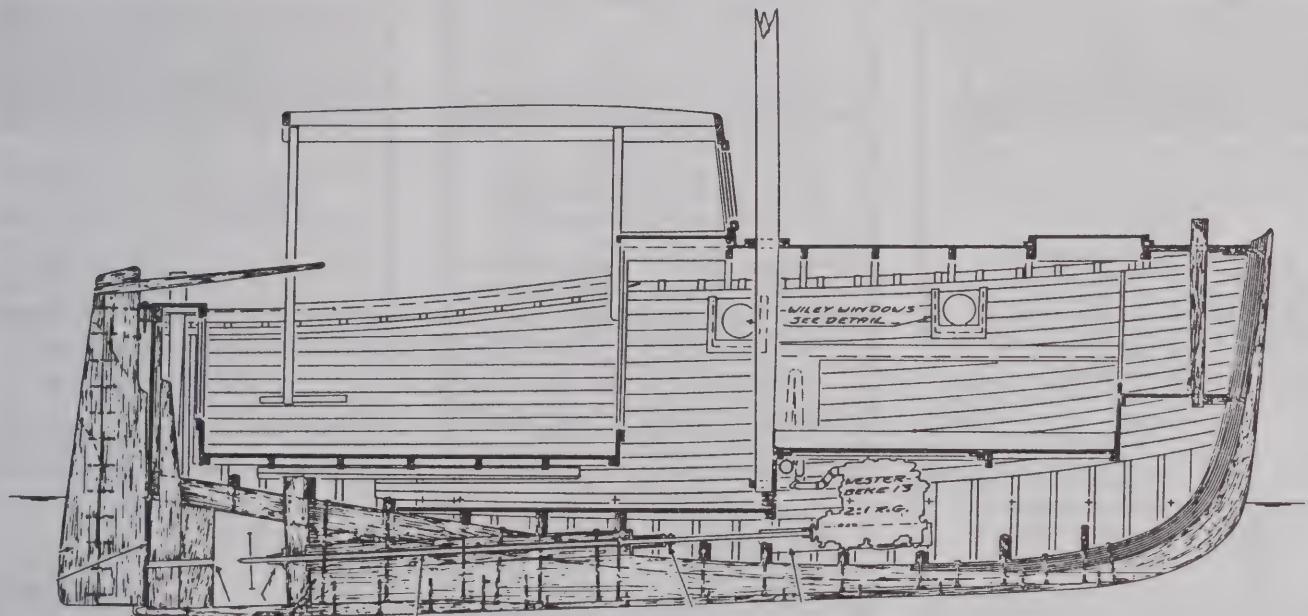
As the photos show, this little sail on its short mast gives the boat steerage way with authority, motorboat keel and fixed-pitch three-blade prop notwithstanding. The owner-builder says "she sails quite well". He plans to take her around to the other side of the island of Tasmania, a 300-mile open-sea passage in a notorious area, though he says he will take "the slightly more sheltered east coast". The effective sail will help a lot on such a trip by somewhat taming the wild, bouncy



motion that is the flip side of her reassuring buoyancy.

We couldn't resist going back over the rationale for this design, but the best reason for this article is one more chance to tout the dipping lug as an auxiliary sail for motorboats. The dipping lug was once one of the most popular sails with working boatmen. When really reliable engines became available, it almost disappeared. We've been trying over many years to revive it for its real efficiencies, and we've sailed boats that had dipping lugs from 50sf to 950sf, all of which went well though the big ones can be strenuous to set and furl. Keep it in mind.

Plans of Merlin, our Design #428, are available for \$200, ppd. priority mail, rolled in a tube, to build one boat, from: Phil Bolger & Friends Inc., 66 Atlantic Street, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.



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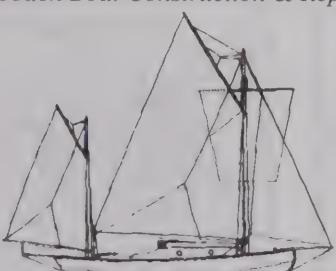
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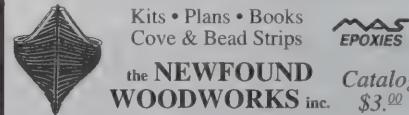
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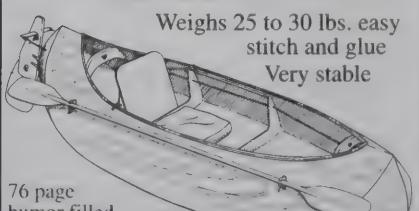
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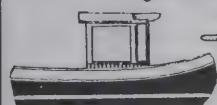
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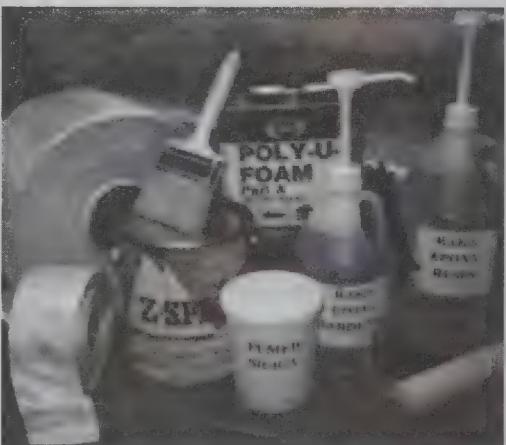
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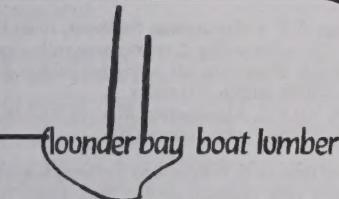


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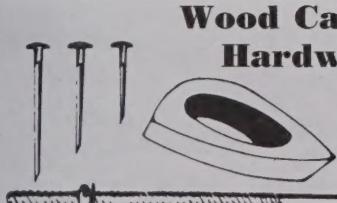
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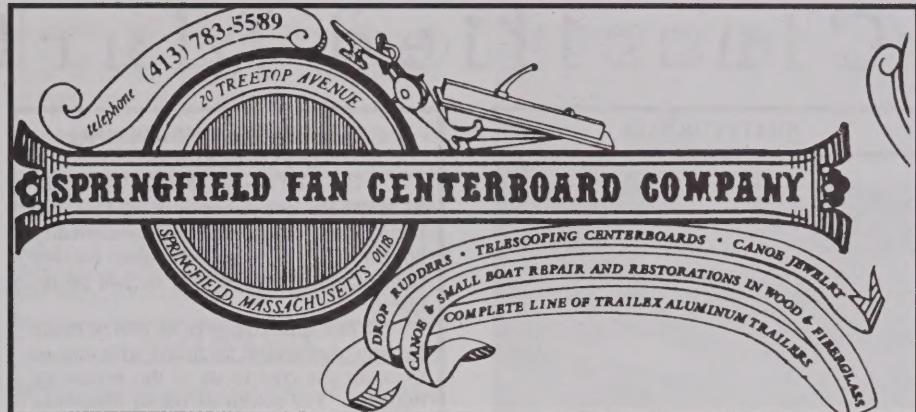
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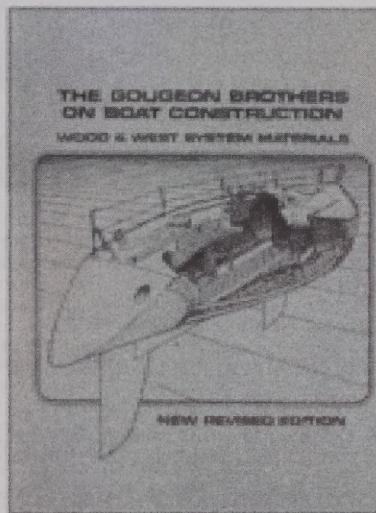
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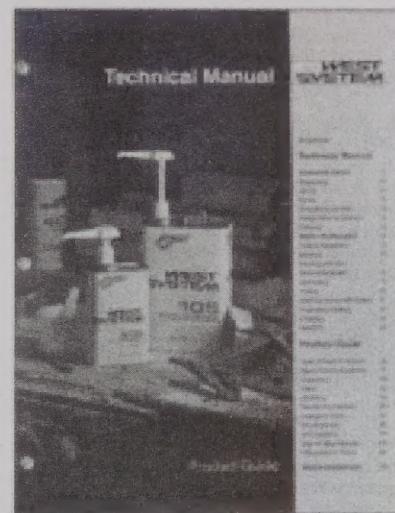
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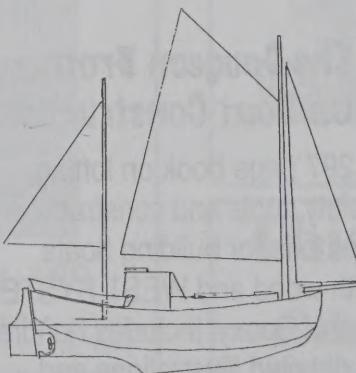
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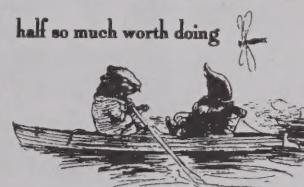
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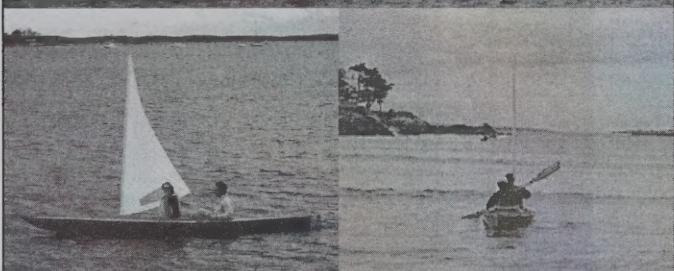
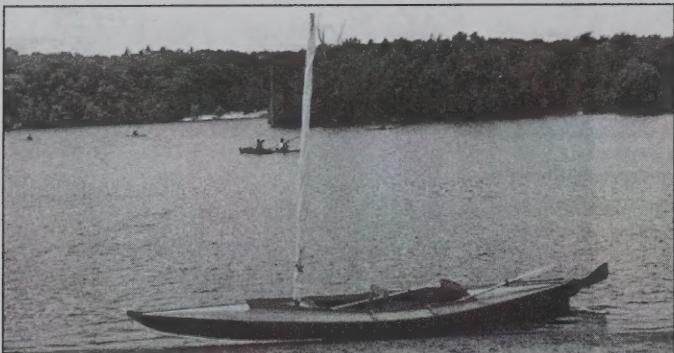
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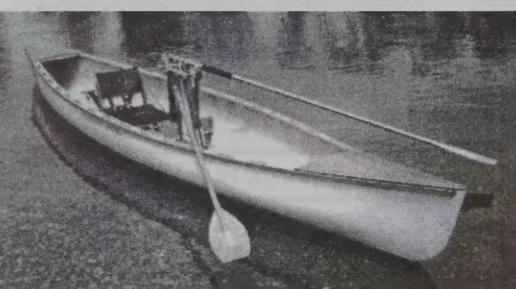
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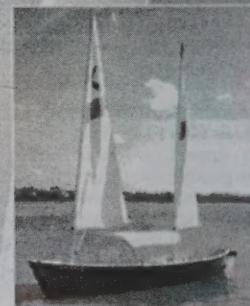
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